







1010-0122

Y<sub>4</sub>

**Loves Passion:**

OR, A

**COLLECTION**

OF

*Seven and Twenty*

**LOVE-LETTERS,**

BOTH IN

**VERSE and PROSE;**

That lately pass'd betwixt a

**GENTLEMAN** and a

*very Young* **LADY** in

**FRANCE.**

---

*Nescio, quid Melius Desidiosus agas.* Mart.

---

**LONDON,**

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Golden Ball  
near the Royal Exchange. 1686.

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# Programma Interpretis

AD

## Libellum.

**Q**UAM jam, Blandule, sive tu Libelli,  
Sen Nasi titulo velis vocari,  
Exi jam Gremio, proterve, meo,  
Satis de Gembus tener Paterula  
Risisti: Satis insolente circum  
Lusisti patrios manu Capillos;  
Quod vel letior adfuit Camoena,  
Vel Rhythmum male vindicavit unguis.

Nec jam respue Filii Popelli  
Nomen: Abdico te tuosque mores.  
Tu forsan Populo placere juxta  
Focos Idalios potes sedenti,  
Qui cunctam Veneris sacra Favillam  
In magnas solet aggravare Flammas,  
Istas, Improbe, quas merere Flammas.

Quid

Quid dixi? Improbulo tibi nec Ignis

Insani Venerum Cupidinumque,

Nec insunt Aloyfia Camini.

Ne Velle Venus est tibi Sacerdas,

Vestales rasoens Amoris ignes,

Corde hinc Iridos, inde vel Timandri.

O que gaudia pura spirat Ille!

O que gaudia pura spiras Illa!

Quam males animi subit Illa penas,

Quas quam callida discit Illa lemas!

Exi, Blandule: Nunc utrasque narra:

Et cum nil nisi cantinas Amorem,

Uteris tibi quare sis Amorem.

The

in her favour. 'Tis true, towards  
the inclining me to put into  
your hands these letters, of  
which I have made  
an exact copy, you have

# LETTER,

TO THE  
*Right Honourable, the Lady D.*

From me now to put into your hands  
the open view; to sweeten and taking

**Y**OU command me, Ma-  
dame, to send you the  
Letters of Mr. Jones  
together with my  
The last I cannot pre-  
sume to deliver you, because I  
am master of them, and the  
others you have honour'd with  
too much esteem that it will be  
never reported glorious to the  
world, and to have gotten so  
illuminous a suffrage as yours,  
that " B " in

“ in her Favour. 'Tis true, towards  
“ ~~the~~ inducing me to put into  
“ your hands those Letters, of  
“ which she wou'd have me make  
“ an eternal Myſtery, you have  
“ ~~taken~~ me by the weaker ſide;  
“ you have given them Praises  
“ ſo complemental, *Madam*, and  
“ yet ſo juſt, that tho I had re-  
“ ſolv'd to conceal them from all  
“ the reſt of the World, you con-  
“ ſtrain me now to put 'em forth to  
“ the open view; ſo ſweet and taking  
“ nothing is it, to bear that valued  
“ which we love, eſpecially by  
“ a Perſon of your incomparable  
“ Merits, whole Wit is ſo ſharp  
“ and delicate, that I cannot bet-  
“ ter reward this eſteem than by  
“ the thing it ſelf. You will ſee  
“ here an Intrigue; that began  
“ perfectly out of merr ſport and  
“ paſtime, but terminated on my  
“ part only with the conqueſt of  
“ my Heart, without diſturb-  
“ that

“ that most lovely Creature's,  
“ who made but too good a de-  
“ fence, for my repose. This con-  
“ fession, *Madam*, is not much to  
“ my Honour: But however, it  
“ is not inglorious for a Man to  
“ make an open acknowledgment,  
“ *That* he loves that which de-  
“ serves to be belov'd. Six whole  
“ Months as well counted, as ever  
“ the Calendar counted them, I  
“ have spun out in sincere and  
“ hearty Love; this every Man  
“ in the World wou'd not have  
“ done. And, tho' *Celadon* (who  
“ is dead and gone) nor his Ex-  
“ ample be very modish in the  
“ Age, wherein we live, I have  
“ met with a certain sort of Peo-  
“ ple, that have made me tread  
“ in his steps; and, my heart as  
“ free and ill-princip'd as it is,  
“ could not keep from assuming  
“ somewhat more Tenderness than  
“ Reason, for a young Thing, that  
“ had

*A Collection of*

" had none at all. I mean  
" Tenderness; since of Reason she  
" had an infinite deal, as you  
" have seen by her Letters. You  
" have an huge mind to know  
" her, and you desire her Picture  
" of me. I question, whether I  
" have Abilities sufficient to draw  
" a faithful Image of her: Never-  
" theless, I will do it without  
" any Adulation, and any manner  
" of Addition, or to the Lines of her  
" Visage, or those of her Mind.

*The Portraiture of Iris.*

The turn of her Face is Oval;  
her Complexion fair and even;  
the Trammels of her Hair of an  
admirable Light-colour, as well  
as her Eye-brows. Excellently  
well proportion'd is her Nose,  
which gives a very fine Air to  
the Face. Her Mouth, neither too  
great, nor too little; her Lips of a  
clear

clear and beautiful Red; her Teeth white; her Eyes blew, great, and well-passag'd, full of fire and briskness, temper'd with an attractive languishing: And, all this is supported by the coolness of a Neck of sixteen years, the best fram'd that ever was seen, and of a dazzling whiteness, as well as her Arms and Hands. For her Stature, she is rather of a great than little pitch, almost approaching to a *Roman* Empress; but then, it is so neat, so free, so disengag'd, that there are few the like. She hath so noble an Air in her Walk and her Carriage, and something so very distinguishing in her whole Person; that, tho she possesses not some strokes that are delightful, yet she has such as make great Impressions: So that, tho we cannot say, she is of the number of those Beauties, that jump at, and smite the Eyes, yet we may easily

perceive, that hers goeth  
 straight to the Heart. But above  
 all, she has an odd sort of pretty  
 Air, which is very difficult to be  
 describ'd, and seems rather to  
 catch us, than we can tell, how  
 to overtake it.

*A certain careless sliding Air  
 Draws us aright her Character:  
 With all their piercing Light her  
 Eyes*

*[Such as is shot from Morning  
 skies;]*

*Would speak in earnest: But,  
 alas!*

*Her Heart, insensible, doth pass  
 On them a Tyrannous strict  
 Command,*

*In Night's dark silence wrapt  
 to stand.*

*But still, much Trouble they  
 sustain*

*In doing this, nor can refrain,*

For



For all their high Indifference,  
 To speak a Language in such  
 sence,  
 As doth not look like Indolence.  
 If only her sweet Mouth obeys,  
 To make a fair amends, she says  
 More in this swimming Air,  
 than we  
 Can think, and thinks more than  
 we see.

“ This is what I had to say concerning her Person. As to her Wit, it has so strangely surpriz'd me, that I am hardly yet come to my self. I cou'd not comprehend, how a young Person between Fifteen and Sixteen, without Study and the World, could have, in the furthestmost Corner of the Country, all the Politeness of a Court, an inconceivable Flame and strength of mind, an un-parallel'd delicacy and penetration, a most pure, delicate and subtile discernment. Of

every thing, she speaks so well and so justly, with so many nice learnings, that Nature seems to have made a large portion of what was a long Study and Moderation doles out by degrees to others. Her terms, very proper and accurately chosen; her thoughts, so new, so particular, that they raise our Astonishment and Admiration. A scanty reading hath serv'd her instead of all the Expedients used by others: An immense Fund of Wit, a most lively Imagination, and a sharp sighted and nice Judgement, these compleat her Character. Sometimes, she has such falls in Conversation, as it is impossible to follow. She takes a singular pleasure in holding Paradoxes, and with great facility she commonly attains her end. She writes, as you have seen, that is to say, with an enchanted distinctness. She can compose Verses so easily, and winds her

so well, that nothing can be perform'd better. Her Prose is clever and adequate; her thoughts all Originals; concise her Style; her expressions Noble and Great: All which is accompanied with a Fashion, and a Character, that is wholly peculiar, and gives the grace and relish to every thing. From others she borrows nothing, but only imitates her self. For her Soul, it is large, good, and generous; very kind to its Friend, but very unkind to its Lover. Its humor is unequal enough of conscience; and this is the shadow to the Picture. This inequality arises from the over great Mixture of fire in her mind. As to her Heart, with its Appendages, I can say nothing to it: It is now three years I have been Studying it, and yet I am not acquainted with it. However, it talks, as if it knew very much; but yet it sighs

no more, than if it was the mee-  
 est Ignorant in the World. It is  
 as curious, as her Wit: And, if it  
 had but somewhat more tender-  
 ness, I think, I may say upon the  
 word of an honest Man, it wou'd  
 be indisputably the loveliest Heart  
 upon Earth. Notwithstanding  
 which, tho' it defends it self, I  
 believe its disposition naturally  
 tender enough: (the true disposi-  
 tion of an Heart, well descended;)  
 But it guards it self with so much  
 care, that frequently we know not  
 what to believe. However, we  
 meet with a Passion every where  
 dispersed in her Writings, which  
 appears inimitable; and doubtless,  
 in her Heart has none, yet, her Wit  
 gives very many, and very evident  
 Demonstrations of it.

If we view Lovely Iris with  
nice Eyes,

Or her Heart reasons, or her  
Reason sighs:

Sometimes, we might believe her  
real Love;

But that suspicion soon despair  
does prove.

Seeing her Austere humor, it  
retires;

And with our frailty if her Eye  
conspires

In the dire Treason, we must  
needs confess

From a fierce Glance, that her  
Heart hath no less

Of Reason, than her Reason  
Tenderness.

"This is, Madam, the Pour-  
traiture of the young Iris: I  
have drawn it coarsely and ill-  
favour'dly; to Love it belongs  
to put the last hand to it. Pro-  
vided he replenishes her Heart  
with

12  
" with a true Passion as he has fill'd  
" mine, I shall not be unhappy;  
" and since she is unwilling to be  
" sensible of any tenderness, but  
" in Draught and Picture, such as  
" you see it in her  
" Letters; all that \* 18, & 19.  
" I will

Is, that her *tenderness in draught,*  
Of such a *Nature* may be wrought;  
As *Love* frames, not to be *offac'd*  
By *time*, but with the *Soul* to last.

" This is the Representation of  
" her Person: But in good truth,  
" I have taken so much pleasure  
" in writing to her, and receiving  
" her Letters; and, these have  
" rais'd so much Admiration in  
" every thing at Court, that is  
" Judging, delicate, and curious,  
" that I have made my self as  
" many Rivers, as I had Auditors  
" of these *pendulous* Letters. You  
" know

" know it very well, *Madam*, (and  
 " this is it, that hath contributed  
 " to my undoing :) Such Temp-  
 " tations are there in hearing eve-  
 " ry where the Encomiums of such  
 " Persons, with whom our Hearts  
 " are so possessed, and this way a  
 " Man does so thoroughly under-  
 " stand their Worth, that he wil-  
 " lingly abandons himself to his  
 " own Inclination. It is very happy  
 " for me, that she continues still  
 " in the Country: For otherwise,  
 " I should have here such Rivals  
 " of Blood and Merit, as without  
 " contradiction would make me  
 " tremble: If my self had not at  
 " least the advantage of places, that  
 " are almost inaccessible to the most  
 " Worshipful of my Fellow Can-  
 " didates. The young *Mr* has  
 " chid me extremely for my indis-  
 " cretion in shewing her Letters;  
 " which she looks upon only as a  
 " piece of Sport and Regretion:  
 " *ONNA* " Her

" M<sup>r</sup>. I satisfy'd with such good  
 " Reasons, as I shall not repeat  
 " in this place: It behoved me  
 " indeed to keep them private,  
 " since my Passion was disappoint-  
 " ed, and came so scurvily off:  
 " But her Glory I have preferr'd  
 " before my own; and, I fancy,  
 " she ought not to be ungrateful  
 " to me, for taking care, that the  
 " superlative Products of her Wit  
 " and Pen be recommended to the  
 " admiration of a Party, the most  
 " clear headed in *France*, who have  
 " stood amaz'd at her. I have  
 " plac'd her Letters in the same  
 " order I received them. And,  
 " as I have had but very few sights  
 " of her, and have carry'd but very  
 " little in the Province, where  
 " she makes her abode; I have  
 " rang'd them in their natural or-  
 " der, according to the times they  
 " were sent me. I have now and  
 " then made some Remarks and

" Anno-



Annotations, by unfolding the  
Subject-matter of some of 'em,  
and hinting the different Models  
of the Verses, so that you might  
have the clearer Ideas of their  
Beauty. Thus, Madam, I have  
endeavour'd to obey you with  
all the exactness, so much due  
to you, and to render a faithful  
account of all the Circumstances  
belonging to an innocent Com-  
merce, of which the young *Iris*  
bore away all the glory. But,  
if hereby, I create any trouble  
to *Iris*, I hope, Madam, you  
will be responsible for it: Yet,  
what-ever happen, I beg of  
you to believe, that with the  
most profound Respect I shall  
ever be,

Madam,

Your most, &c.

T L

**TIMANDER** to the  
young **IRIS**.

*The First Letter.*

**D**O you remember, that you took me yesterday at my Word? That you accepted of me for your Master, and that you are my Scholar? And, in short, do you remember, That you are so put into my hands the loveliest Heart in the World, to be instructed in the most diverting Passion, that can be imagin'd? For my share, I stand in no need of having my Memory refresh'd, that I have seen you, or concerning the Promise I made you: And besides, I feel my self very much dispos'd to make it good, Undoubtedly, there will be a vast deal of pleasure in documentizing such an amiable

miable Simpleton: But I foresee,  
it will not be without double. If  
I have any skill in the Geometry,  
you look as if your Heart was  
harder than your Head: But, 'tis  
no matter, I must be always in-  
culcating a Lesson of Tenderness.

I.

*To reach you, what I know too  
well,  
For me an easie Chapter it will be:  
And You, tho you could only spell,  
May read and Practise the Lines  
after me.*

II.

*One Blessed weakness in us both,  
In both must the same fears breath  
and desires:  
And least I be accus'd of floath,  
Your Gleams upon me I'll encrease  
to fires.*

III.

## III.

*And possibly to learn your part,  
Must constant at my Lessons you  
must be:*

*And if you get them once by heart,  
I'll fix them and my self safe in your  
Memory.*

*This is enough for the first time,  
my pretty Ignorance; and if you  
make good Progress in these three  
Lessons, you will soon know as  
much as your Master, if not put  
him quite down.*

*But, what? methinks, you have  
the mien*

*Of a Disciple truly Libertine:*

*And in your Eyes I plainly see,  
Your reachless Heart with a meer  
Tyrant be;*

*Your Heart will take its own wild  
swing*

*In spite of Master, Lesson — Any  
thing. How-*

However, if you desire to make something of the business, proceed in such wise, as not to let your Wit intermeddle with the Negotiations of your Heart: For, that is too fly and searching, to enter into Correspondence with me.

*Yes, tho to me this Wit be all o'en Charm,*

*Let it not tamper with hid Mysteries:*

*For, in Love, where all about Reason flies,*

*Reason, as in Religion, doth much Harm.*

If you follow these Maxims, I make no doubt, but you will be notable good at Passion in a little time. Consult your own Heart young Iris, and ask it, whether it wou'd prefer its Ignorance, which is a true state of Lethargy, to a Science, from which it might derive

five a thousand Pleasures. I am certain, if it knew the sweetness, there is, in loving something, and the delights of a true amorous Association, it wou'd no longer remain in this Error, but you wou'd one day repeat to your self the burthen of *Galathea's* Song, which I sung to you yesterday.

*To know all, is good, &c.*

How happy shou'd I be, if I cou'd speak to you almost in the same Air!

One day the Heart of a bright  
Creature,  
(Whose every thought, and every  
Feature  
Would adverse Elements inspire,  
And even teach Water to love Fire)  
Of a learn'd Master did approve,  
I instruct her in the Art of Love:

Though all the Light, he had i'th  
same,  
Was drawn (as some think) from her  
flame.

This Master, through his Tenderness,  
Which he declar'd in his Address,  
Made her repeat incessantly;  
How sweet it is to Love and sigh,  
How sweet it is, &c.

"This, Madam, was the first  
"of my Love-Epistles, that I wrote  
"to her. She wou'd by no means  
"answer it: That sole Proposition  
"of establishing a mutual and gal-  
"lant Intelligence spoil'd all, and  
"affrighted the young Maiden. I  
"endeavour'd to remove these  
"difficulties, which were not  
"over-bulkly. I gave her to un-  
"derstand, that such an affair  
"wou'd be of great service to  
"fashion her Wit, to give it an  
"agreeable shape, and it wou'd  
"only prove an innocent and  
"harm-

" manifest amusement, that cou'd  
 " have no such staggering conse-  
 " quence. In brief, after many  
 " Arguments and Instances, I  
 " prevail'd with her to resolve to  
 " make me a reply, which was  
 " this: It begins with that Copy  
 " of Verses, you have already  
 " commended, for the pretty  
 " Country-sonnettism in them,  
 " which runs very neatly upon  
 " one word, tho' the measures of  
 " the Verse be Irregular.

**IRIS,**



IRIS, her Answer to  
TIMANDER.

*The Second Letter.*

**W**ELL, well, Timander! 'twixt  
us two,

To hear a Lover's much for a young  
Maid:

Of my Intrigue the Ground-work  
will be laid;

And then, what shall I do,

Or will you think of such a fond con-  
sent,

So very tender, and impertinent?

No, the affair is such;

The least Engagement is a willing  
Ear,

And to take well, what's heard, I

fear won't be too much.

Is too too much.

I

Life the danger, and the event I dread:  
But tho' I don't much care to run  
into it,

Out of pure Self-defence I'll do it,  
And then, my Heart cannot be Van-  
quished, as I have said.

But now, at first, if it should prove  
a Cheat, ~~which I don't think it will~~  
It should be much, it would be a  
Strange Fear, ~~which I don't think it will~~

Seriously, I know not, whether  
I deceive my self: But methinks,  
it is for the pleasure of defending  
my own Heart, that I consent, you  
shou'd attack it. I cannot war-  
rant for the stoutness upon the  
Fate of its past scalliness. As  
never Man did yet attempt upon  
its peace and quiet; 'tis no wonder,  
if it has hitherto preserv'd its Tran-  
quillity: And it is now a fit  
time, to put it to the Tryal, at  
least to know, what Mettal it is  
made of. This curiosity of mine

is

is something audacious, and I may  
thence fall into inconveniences:  
But, in a word, I believe, it comes  
to the same thing, once to have  
lost it, or to be evermore afraid  
of losing it, and to put it to no  
manner of use at all. The uncer-  
tainty, I should lye under, by not  
knowing, whether it be Tenable  
or defenceless, wou'd be an eternal  
Thorn in my side. Now this is  
the utmost Passion it self can do:  
And laying one Trouble in ba-  
lance against another, I prefer that  
which hath the Reputation of be-  
ing the most pleasurable. Upon  
the whole, it is not undone by a  
venture: I may be able to retire  
back with Honour. My Heart  
(God be prais'd) springs from a  
Race, wherein sighs have not been  
much used: And, I hope, it will  
not degenerate from the Antient  
indifference of its Predecessors. I  
took it t'other day aside in private,

C

and

and I read a severe Lecture to it:  
I strictly charged it not to play  
with Love, since I

*For all the Apish tricks, which Love  
does play*

*With those that go to his Free-  
School,*

*Yet to their serious cost they find  
one day,*

*There is no jesting with the Fool.*

It has promis'd me faithfully to  
obey my Orders, and to make greater  
use of my Lessons than of yours.  
After this, I imagin my self in a  
condition good enough, to send you  
a defiance: All your tenderneſſes  
and all your Affiduities may do their  
worſt; chuſe, whether you will  
continue them or no. The glory  
lies equal between us, you to make  
a Conqueſt of me, and I of you,  
without any ſelf-engagement. Let  
us try, who ſhall get the Honour:

To

To the intent, at least, that the Scholar may always remain Mistress of her Master.

# TIMANDER'S Answer to the young IRIS.

## *The Third Letter.*

**Y**OU have so much Wit, that you are ready to make me lose that pittance I have left. To that degree, I am surpriz'd at the vivacity, I found in your Letter, that I know not, where I am. What an Impression have you made upon my Heart? I am mad both at you, and at my self; at you, for finding so much in you; at my self, for finding my self so sensible of it. 'Tis plain, such a Scholar as you, knows more than such a Master as I am; and this hath

astonish'd me, at your Age. But  
 to answer your Letter: If you  
 tast not the pleasure of that charm-  
 ing perplexity, which is fam'd for  
 being the most diverting, all your  
 Life will be pester'd with an in-  
 difference, that will weigh you  
 down. ~~Something or other.~~ You  
 are to risk your Heart, only to  
 loose it: And if you would come  
 off with Honour, pursue these  
 dictates.

*What does the lovely Iris mean to do?*

*All armed Rigour must be laid aside;*

*Her Heart un-garrison'd must abide,*

*When it lets in a Man to Woo.*

*In Love are no Alarms, but all is*

*Tame.*

*And, to come off with Honour, is*

*a shame.*

*Wherefore, do not any longer*

*brag of the hardness of your Heart,*

*nor of the un-common use of sighs*

*among*

among the Gentlemen, your Ancestors: For, I can convince you in two words, of the contrary.

Your Family, for Beauties so renowned,

Degenerate wou'd have been found:  
And, had not your Fore-mothers lov'd  
And sigh'd,  
Iris had been to th' World deny'd  
And the World might e'en sigh out  
our Hearts.

For want of one of its most perfect  
Parts.

Strive to repair their Honour,  
with all the hast you can: Or rather,  
follow their eminent and glorious  
Examples, and ever let some  
Love enter into your heart in expectation  
of better times; it will exercise it so prettily,  
that, I am confident, you will not be unsatisfied  
with it.

*Bear with the Foppish tricks of that  
fond Boy,*

*Since 'tis all only ductile Rallery:*

*And if sometimes there succeed some*

*Anney,*

*'Tis, as when after Laughing much*

*we Cry.*

For, in conclusion, what can  
you propound to your self as from  
Conquering me, unless I get a Vi-  
ctory too, in my Turn?

*Ah Barbarous, me thus to use,  
And ev'n an intire thraldom to refuse!  
To tamish with your Cruelty,*

*Am half got Victory,  
Thy on your Feet the Prostrate slave  
And ev'n thy Love and Zeal  
For, what whole Conquest is again  
tho' do;*

*Unless the Conqueror be Conquer'd  
too.*

" Some



“ Some time after the delivery  
“ of this Answer, I continued  
“ without seeing her; but it was  
“ not without much Affliction and  
“ inquietude. I was forward to  
“ seek all occasions of meeting  
“ her, but in vain. I was twenty  
“ times with a Friend of hers,  
“ but could not find her: At  
“ length, after fifteen days, whose  
“ Minutes I was very industrious  
“ to reckon, I providentially fell  
“ into her Company. On her side,  
“ the Conversation was active,  
“ brisk and airy, but somewhat  
“ heavy and cumberfom on mine.  
“ As I was damp’t in Spirit, I  
“ diverted the discourse to a Lo-  
“ ver’s disorder, when he wou’d  
“ speak, but can find no words  
“ proper enough, wherein to utter  
“ his mind. At this, she fell a  
“ blushing, and had some confusion  
“ upon her: Her Letter coming  
“ into her mind, where she speaks

“ of that intrincating Trouble,  
“ which hath the credit of being  
“ the most pleasant of all others.  
“ I meditated some revenge upon  
“ her: And in a laughing way,  
“ shewing her the disorder wherein  
“ she was, this increas’d it as  
“ much again. She, then, ap-  
“ pear’d to me far more lovely  
“ than ever: I told her, this be-  
“ witching Redness, that had made  
“ her so beautiful, did deserve  
“ some Verses very well. She  
“ forbade me to make any: How-  
“ ever, the next day, I gave her  
“ the ensuing Note.

TIMAN.

**T I M A N D E R** to the  
 young **I R I S.**  
*The Fourth Letter.*

**W**Hat a sensible joy did the sight of you yesterday afford me! Fifteen days had gone over our heads, while I sought you every where, without finding you: And, all this time, peradventure, you never dreamt one moment of me. You look'd more lovely, than ever; In the same instant, your Eyes told me an hundred pretty things as well as your Mouth: With what emotions did I see 'em? With what pleasure did I hear you, that short time we were together? But alas! I partook only of this pleasure; and had it not been for that amiable blush, that came in to my

Aid, in my revenge upon your  
indifference, I know not what I  
shou'd have done. Your per-  
plexity help'd somewhat to dissi-  
pate mine: And, notwithstanding  
the Prohibition, you have given  
me,

*I must remember to my Praise,  
I did your blushes, my own Trophies,*

*Which, when, Fair, Shepherdess, you  
call to mind, I shall not  
You as your blushes will be so un-  
kind,*

*To say, that from displeasure they  
arose: But I have th' Wit, a better source  
to choose:*

*Love, and not Indignation let them  
loose,*

Now, will I lay a Wager, at  
this very moment you are most  
furiously angry at me, and you  
Co-

Colour again, while you read these Verses. Take your Glass quickly into your hands, I conjure you: See, how lovely you appear, and what an over-plus of Beauty an high Colour gives you! Well, I am sure, you will thank me, in private, for having made you blush.

*When those piercing Eyes we view,  
Divinely languishing in you;  
When a Crescent Redness seeks  
A Seat Triumphant in your Cheeks:  
Then know, that Love plays there  
his Part,  
Blushing, he cannot get into your  
Heart.*

So, so! have not I given an excellent solution of your Reddening? Do not, therefore, any more arm your self at all points against me: Do but take away the very cause of this Redness, in regard it proceeds only from your shutting the entrance

entrance of your Heart to Love,  
so that he is constrain'd to fly up  
into your Face.

*Thus, Brightest Form, let all your  
Anger go,  
And blush not in Repentance, that  
you have blusht so.*

I hope, by this time I have ob-  
tain'd your Pardon. What you  
told me, yesterday, concerning  
the Interruption of our Correspon-  
dency did not displease me: And,  
forasmuch as I have not the  
liberty to see you, at least let me  
have that of writing to you: But,  
principally,

*Sweetness, take Argus heed of con-  
fidents;*

*: Always they want or Faith or  
Sense.*

*Let*

Let the great secret still be such  
unknown,  
And as 'tis ours, still be our own.  
But if a Third herein must take a  
Part,  
Let it the Love be, that's in either  
Heart.

---

I R I S, her Answer to  
T I M A N D E R.

*The Fifth Letter.*

I Was much surpriz'd yesterday,  
when I read the Verses, you  
made upon my Blushing, after you  
had promis'd me solemnly, you  
wou'd make none. I cannot tell,  
how to forgive you: But, if you  
think to qualifie the business, by  
saying, That Love seated himself  
on my Cheeks, being unable to  
enter into my Heart, you are  
won-

wonderfully mistaken. An excellent Crum, this, of Consolation for me! he might have been in my Heart; I shou'd not have been offended at it: At least, he would not have appeared there. But, publickly, before all the World, to climb up on my Face, this way (let me tell you) was somewhat too Triumphant, and by no means agrees with my Constitution. Yet after all, what ever doctorry he pretends to, he has taken his measures very unwisely: For, to enter into a place, where he cannot get free and ready Admission, he should not come into the Visage, bare fac'd and disclosed: He ought to travel in by-roads; and, this he may be assured from me, that, when he shall appear thus, I will defend the passage. Now, do I imagine you, Friend, in the horrid-est desperation, that is possible! nevertheless, recollect your self, for



for I am not so naughty as you  
wou'd guess me to be from my Out-  
side: And, to speak the truth, a  
tepid Passion would suit very well  
with me. I would with all my  
heart know the nature of it: but  
I cannot as yet see into the thing.  
To be plain with you, Master, you  
teach me nothing at all: I accosted  
you, yesterday, with so still and  
un-interrupted an Air, that, for my  
particular, I cou'd not keep from  
being somewhat vex'd at it: 'Tis  
your fault, and none of mine: And  
I hope, that to be reveng'd on the  
Verses, you compos'd on my blush-  
ing, you will permit me to Bomb  
you with some few Rhymes.

*Irregular*

*Irregular Verses against* T I-  
M A N D E R.

*I've try'd it, but I cannot find  
This trouble of the Heart, they say's  
so sweet :*

*Still all its Motions kindly meet,  
Still the same unfixt thoughts are  
in my mind.*

*I've try'd, but if I can't this know-  
ledge get,*

*The Scholar's Duty's done;  
The Master all the blame doth fall  
upon,*

*If her Heart has been taught no  
more as yet.*

*Of a fit Age I am to Learn:*

*Adapted is my Blossom to your turn:*

*And you may thank your self, if I  
Still sundging in my quiet Ignorance  
lye.*

*But*

But why such ill words of indifference?  
If any indifference be in my Breast,  
You should leave all to Time, or do  
your best,

T' expell it thence.

Indeed, that thing, which you call  
Tenderness,

Well, have you Painted out to me;  
And, this Idea in its flourishing dress  
My Heart, as blind as I, doth love  
to see.

Yet hath it still this great unhappi-  
ness,

To see, it is not blest  
With the Substantial and the Well-  
come Guest.

Bring this to me, and also bring  
Me into its Acquaintance, that I may  
No longer in unlearned quiet stay,  
But restless Love may bear me on  
the Wing.

'Tis no great business, which I ask,  
Tho' this disorder great I'd have to be;  
I'd have all nature quite subdu'd in me:

Acquit your self, then, of the task:

And,

And, since my Heart offers so willingly,  
 You shall instruct it, or shall tell it,  
 why.

This challenge is very Particular: It is, as if I should cast my Heart at your Head. But in fine, I am somewhat Main glorious, and, when I undertake a Thing, I love to go through with it, immediately. If, on such an occasion, this forwardness be disallowable, it does not belong to you now to consider Formalities so Critically: For (not to be tedious) I see you already disposed to try once more in my favour the Path of Tenderneſs; and it wou'd be ridiculous to ſee a Man alone in it, where People generally go two and two together: So that I ſhall preſently expect your Inſtructions, not only for your own Glory but (perhaps) for your Intereſt alſo.

“ You

“ You have already judg’d,  
“ *Madam*, the thoughts of this  
“ Letter to be so New and so  
“ Singular, that I shall add no-  
“ thing further concerning them.  
“ I have left the Verses, as they  
“ were written with her own  
“ hand, chusing rather to see  
“ them in their Native and Ori-  
“ ginal simplicity, than to give a  
“ superfluous Polishing and Adorn-  
“ ment to them, which would  
“ perhaps spoil, or at least might  
“ alter their Natural estate, where-  
“ in consists all their Beauty.  
“ But, this was the Rejoinder,  
“ which a day or two afterwards  
“ I return’d to her Letter.

T I M A N.

TIMANDER to the  
young IRIUS.*The Sixth Letter.*

I Very heartily pardon the Verses, you have written against me: That fine and polite Lampoon ought rather to attract my Praises than my Resentment. I confess it, I was exceedingly in the wrong to make Love ascend up into your Face; whereby he appeared with too great a Splendour: And, as you say well, he ought to have taken more by ways.

## I.

*I'm out, my beauteous Iris, cruelly out:*

*Better I might have plac'd this*

*Love,*

*And through subtle by ways brought*

*it about,*

*'Till fixt at your own Heart it*

*ceas'd to move.*

## II.

*Not on the glorious Cheek it should  
fit still,*

*But little cunning Journeys go:*

*Obscurity with its own mind suits ill,*

*And unreserved splendour is its grea-  
test foe.*

*I will undertake, you think,  
you have not so much Reason, as  
you really have. Most admirable*

*is the desire which you signifie,  
to be instructed in Passion: 'Tis*

*good,*

good, to satisfy a Curiosity, which ought to be natural to you: But lay it not to my charge, if when you saw me; you felt not the same trouble, I felt at your approach. If you had given me your Heart, as I had given you mine, you would have been sensible of the same Emotion with me: And, if you had left it but one moment to my disposal, I engage, it should have receiv'd a great deal of Pleasure in following my Lessons. Give me leave then, Lady, to try my Poetick faculty in a Repartee to your Verses.

*A quick experience on you is bestow  
Of the Heart's charming trouble,  
gentle woe,*

*Which you feel unknown, while you  
are without for'so;*

*Indulge some moments to Timan-  
der's Song.*

*Nor that, nor your experience shall  
be long.*



## I.

*This sweet disorder straight shall spring,  
 Without your knowledge of the thing;  
 Straight shall you plainly see,  
 He means all honestly:  
 Never was Scholar more by Master lov'd,  
 Nor than an Iris after Scholar prov'd.*

## II.

*'Tis very true, you'r all o'er fair;  
 Fair as bright simpering Roses are;  
 But still with them you miss  
 Your own affecting bliss,  
 And still with them, unhappy, don't receive  
 Ought of the blest Impressions, which you  
 give.*

## III.

*But if indifference is to thee,  
 Such dull uneasie Company,  
 Make an exchange of Hearts,  
 Or else into two Parts  
 Cut mine, and take it's Tenderness to you:  
 Soon will both halves be one whole in us  
 Two.*

## IV.

## IV.

If you'd be Ignorant no more,  
Enough I'll give of Learning's store,  
So you your Heart do give,  
And then you shall perceive;  
That For no Novice in this brave employ,  
And since it offers fair, I'll teach you, why.

This defiance is very singular  
on my side: You have lash'd out  
so far as to say, that you do as  
good as cast your Heart at my  
Head; but, I will never believe it,  
till I get it betwixt my Fingers.  
However, you are in the Right,  
when you say, you find me inclin'd  
once more to shew you the Path  
of Tenderness. Nevertheless, take  
this from me, I am not cut out of  
an humor to march alone there any  
long while: It is an High-way  
which is horrid troublesom, where-  
in solitude and no Company is cer-  
tainly very dreadful and dangerous,

I cannot promise you, according to the frame, I find my Heart in, but it may be robb'd and stripp'd by some thievish Eyes or other: But, if yours do but once keep it faithful Company, it defies all the Eyes in the World to do it any harm, or so much as to bid it, Stand.

“ I was a good while, *Madam*,  
“ without seeing her, after I had  
“ got this Letter to be put into  
“ her hands. An old Uncle of  
“ hers, that was a very devout  
“ and very morose Abbot, gave her  
“ not all the Liberty she cou'd wish.  
“ I was oftentimes stark mad at  
“ the peevishness of this old Fel-  
“ low and a super-annuated Aunt,  
“ who confining her to her way of  
“ living, cou'd by no means agree  
“ with our Genius and Disposi-  
“ tion. However Patience we  
“ must have: But a violent un-  
“ quietness began to let me know,  
D “ that

“ that this same Correspondence,  
“ which at first only appeared to  
“ me as a play-thing, was become  
“ a real concern of Heart, on my  
“ side. That captivated Liberty,  
“ I had to see and discourse her,  
“ augmented the desire: That de-  
“ sire was succeeded by a sharp  
“ and goring inquietude, and that  
“ inquietude presag’d, what was  
“ about to befall me. Notwith-  
“ standing this, as the minds of  
“ Lovers are very uncertain, I  
“ had a large interval of ease; I  
“ was no more troubled with those  
“ impetuous Motions; I return’d  
“ again to my first opinion, that  
“ it was all toy and foolery: And,  
“ being quite wearied out with not  
“ meeting that lovely Person, even  
“ in those places, whither our De-  
“ vorion does regularly call us, I  
“ writ to her this Letter.

To

## To the young I R I S.

*The Seventh Letter.*

**Y**OU have not answered my last: I cannot set my Eyes upon you, neither are you a whit eager to give me an occasion. I am persuaded, that to avoid the meeting Men, you neglect the Divine service: This does not shew much Devotion. A Man can spy you no more at Church, than if you were either *Calvinish* or *Lutheran*: This is an horrid Scandal. Heretofore, I have seen you very attentive at Sermon. I am affraid, this hardness of Heart reaches as far as your Soul it self: To be so indifferent to all manner of Things, is a very wicked disposition with reference to good Thoughts: And it is too much

at one time, to mind neither God nor Man. I fancy my self to day in a very prone and opposite humor to Preach to you a while upon a good many Articles, since you never look after the Sermons of our Pulpiteers: And, as indifference is your Original sin, you are to endeavour the destroying it Root and Branch in your Soul: But, I believe, I shall but lose my time and pains, to make you believe any thing. You are a Profligate Creature [that's certain] having neither Faith nor Conscience, in point of Love: And, notwithstanding all: the Zeal, wherewith I am animated, your Heart has

*Got such an unbelieving trick,*

*That in Love an Heretick*

*Let Homilists say what they will,*

*It is so hard, so rocky still,*

*That*

*That no Impressions can be writ  
Of Faith's Characters in it.*

For all this, I will send you *the Love*, that hath mollified my Soul, and drawn me out of the errors wherein I lay, to Preach to you and direct your judgment for some time. He will endoctrinate you so tenderly, that I am sure, you will say, he is an able and a moving Preacher: For there is no Heart so obdurate but he can break: And without question, he will bring you to Repentance and a good Mind, if you give him but the least Overture into your Heart. You will find, that he is eloquent, that he most vigorously persuades what ever he insinuates, that his thoughts are bold and noble, his Expressions clean and just, and that he infuses into the Souls of his Congregation, a certain sweetness, that draws

and charms them how and whether he pleases, and that convicts Hearts, the most hardned in the error of indifference. Be you one of his hearers, fair Heretick! depart out of the way of Perdition, and enter into the right Path, wherein predestinated Souls do walk! That is the surest and most pleasant Road, where Love conducts you. *Fiat.*

---

**I R I S**, her Answer to  
**T I M A N D E R.**

*The Eighth Letter.*

**U**PON my Word, a pleasant device: This, and Stratagem of your Love! Hey day, that he may pay me a Visit, to take upon him the Habit of a Preacher!

bas                      C                      Who



Who could ever know him under this disguise? Is it the business of Love to meddle with the Reformation of Manners? I am sure, he would say very irregular things on such an encounter: For, it is none of his Talent, to reason well. I doubt, he did not reflect sufficiently on the qualifications, requisite to such a *Person*, and he took this Part at random and inconsiderately: But who looks for any Prudence and Discretion in him? And besides, this is not the thing I complain of. Was there any necessity of using a Cozening trick with an Heart, that had dealt so fairly upon the Square with you? This I wou'd willingly upbraid him himself withal: But, seeing I was never yet in his Company, and you are extremely familiar with him, I desire the kindness of you to deliver the Letter (here enclos'd and super-

scrib'd) your self into his own  
Hands.

## The Epistle of IRIS to Love.

*Tho I have not the Honour to know you,  
Yet (pardon my Presumption) to write  
now*

*I'm fixt, Dear Love: [For, as you may  
remember,*

*You on the Ninth-day of (I think) Sep-  
tember;*

*[Sorry I am, if I mistake a time,  
So Solemn, yet I not mistake i th' Rhyme]  
To choose a Master for me you took care,  
Who no extraordinary pains doth spare,  
To make me Love him, and so acts his part,  
That I must thank you now with all my  
Heart.*

*Therefore, sweet Sir, I'll deal wi' you like a  
Friend:*

*For, if your knowledge does to me extend,  
'Tis but as yet an Half-acquaintance, though  
It may to' a greater Stature one day grow.*

*'Mean*

'Mean time, I'll tell you this *between us two*;  
In the wide world there's one, that has of  
you

A good opinion; yet the Party once  
Could not your Name ~~without~~ a blush pro-  
nounce.

Now, if this *scraul* should happen to take  
Air,

What lifted Hands, what Clamours would  
be there?

With you, they say, all Correspondence is  
Death and the Devil of all unhappiness;  
How ill this sounds? I've always ~~bad~~, 'tis  
true,

A most particular esteem for you:

Ile ne'r deny't: And 'tis my present sense,  
Young Verdant Hearts may with some Love  
dispence.

You, Squire, no doubt, as knowing, that an  
Heart

Finding the Menace of your fatal Dart,  
Takes up defensive Arms, and braves the  
Foe,

With me most wisely have not acted so,  
But advanc'd slyly up, incognito.

But, Sir Love, hark you, one word in your  
Ear!

To take on you the rueful Character

Of Gospeller, you chuse wrong foolish Measures:

In bearing Baxter there are no strange Pleasures.

Not you can fright one half so much, I vow,  
As such starch'd Gentlemen of awful brow.  
Tell me some fine sweet things, and I shall  
+ wear + Cleaveland:

Such precious Words, like Jewels, in my Ear:

For I like the least Complement much better,  
Than the best Sermon upon Love's Dead better.

No more such Fetches: Try a nearer way,  
And to my Heart, like Love, thy self display.

Your Age is not so terrible: At least  
Your own shape will take more than that of Priest.

My Heart is full as young: Yet (don't mistake)

It will not for a fluttering Cupid quake.  
Tis all alone, and knows not what to do:  
Pray come, and play with it together now.

From such a Guest a Visit will be kind,  
And you shall very good Reception find:  
Till then I bid, Adieu, in sort most Feruent;  
And, for Form's sake, I rest

Your humble Servant.

TIMANDER's Answer  
to the young IRIS.

*The Ninth Letter.*

WITH your last Letter I am not altogether so well satisfi'd: It is too full of Wit and Gayety, and I cou'd not find one grain of Passion in it. To what end, all that fine Railery upon Love, turn'd Preacher? However, this I will say for him, he was gallant enough (if you remember) and had nothing of the Air of an austere Pedagogue. If I had lov'd you less, I should have excellent Thoughts of *Iris* her Epistle to Love, it being writ in a natural and Epistolizing Style, very much resembling *Horace's* way, tho I presume, you never read him: But, upon the main, I begin to perceive,

perceive, that so much Wit does but fret and vex a Man, when the Heart is not concern'd in the affair. Our Love Advertisements, indeed, drew their first Original from a perfect Frolick: But I am now sensible, what ever resistance I made, my Heart is become a Party, and if yours does not second it, it must needs pass its days very unpleasantly. Or else, if I had the same Power over mine, as you have over yours; if I cou'd be as undisturb'd as you, there wou'd be some equality in the Case; or, if you had the same Emotions with me, things would hang better balanc'd, and in a clearer state of Reason. The trouble and disorder I fell into yesterday, when I saw you, had fifty times more Eloquation, than a thousand of your Letters, let 'em be never so Witty.

*In*

*In this Attack of mind so plainly seen,  
Why can't the Tongue now speak the  
sighs within?*

*The Trance, Oh, is too much to tell:*

*The Raging Joy is, all, unspeakable:*

I am sorry, these four Verses have escap'd my Pens For, in sum, I am an arrant Fool for writing to you in a soft and passionate strain, when I ought to trifle as you do, and to keep at a good distance from all Engagements. I throughly understand, what you aim at: And doubtless, you deserve with all your Wit about you, that the Passion, I begin to have for you, shou'd degenerate into a bare esteem: Yes, to punish you for your indifference and under-handdealing, it is your desert, that I had as much Wit as you: And in good time (by the blessing of Heaven) I may have some return to me. In the mean while,  
forbear

forbear Wit, I beseech you of all Loves: And let us have some more Passion. I know, how yours explicates it self: But, let me hear the Language of your Heart!

*Alas! hath your Heart nought to say,  
Your Heart, which makes me thus complain,  
And while my Heart sighs Night and Day,  
Cannot yours learn to sigh again?*

I know, what a Latitudinarian it is: It sticks to no Principles: It defends it self by evading shifts and general delusions. Some time or other, I design to write so fierce and keen a Satyr against Wit, that you shall regret your having so much: But as I have not the leisure at present to compleat such a Work, I here in the interim send you a *Rondelay*, differently modell'd from the way of the Antients, and gifted with the  
fresh



fresh and reviving Air of this Age,  
to answer that which you re-  
hears'd to me last, whose Word  
was *No*: Wherein you declar'd;  
that you will neither surrender  
your Self, nor so much as hear  
the Lessons of your Master.

## I.

*I hate you, Yes, I do Protest, I hate:  
Your Heart is a meer Gull and Cheat,  
Which understands the Art of self-defence,  
And I shall never get the Prize,  
While it still No's, and still denies:  
You shuffle with me, Dear Impertinence.*

## II.

*But bring this Jargon to true Reason's Test:  
Soften the Hardness on't at least.  
And when the faithful Swain Timander  
says,  
Tell me, young Iris, is your Heart  
Tender, soft in every Part?  
In the same Tone let Iris answer, Yes.*

Pray,

Pray, make good use of this Lesson, and make no more answers to your Master in such cold Terms.

---

The Answer to the former Verses.

I.

Yes, I hate you, I swear; I hate:  
 Nothing so sure on this side Fate.  
 Words, which, I take it, will surprize  
 You and your Love, tho both so wise.  
 Words, which I borrow'd from your Pen,  
 And now return 'em back again:  
 A cursed thought for our Love-Elegies!

II.

Such an Avowal speaks not th' Heart  
 Tender, soft, in every Part:  
 In th' Art of Love you are to learn,  
 [You that pretend, Sir, to discern  
 So much in it] that we are never  
 To understand ought in our favour,  
 Or Writ or spoken, when in Love we burn.

III,

## III.

Nothing, but from my Cruelty,  
Timander is to hear or see.  
But now — I think, and think aright,  
And spy the true from the false Light,  
This same, I hate you, is in Rhyme,  
A pretty turn or goodly Chime;  
And should not make you the same Words to  
Write.

" This, Madam, was then the  
" State of our Amorous Com-  
" merce, which was in a good  
" measure well establish'd: But  
" my distress was, that I could  
" see her but very rarely: Yet  
" when ever I could snatch such  
" desirable and expected Minutes,  
" I was wrapt into such Joys, as  
" I want Words to express them.  
" Every day I found some new  
" Charms in her Wit or in her  
" Person: And just at that nick  
" of time, when I began to be  
" in-

“ influenc’d by their Power with  
“ a great deal of pleasure, I was  
“ forc’d to leave that Country.  
“ An indispensable affair call’d me  
“ to P — at a Season, when I  
“ hop’d to tame and cicurate her  
“ young Heart with Love. Upon  
“ the necessity of this departure,  
“ so black a Melancholy seiz’d  
“ me, that I could not but own,  
“ my Heart did terrible Violence  
“ to it self by a remote Separation  
“ from the Object of its Love:  
“ But there was no help for it.  
“ In all places, I sought *Iris* out,  
“ to bid her *Adieu*, and to beg  
“ her Letters to me during my  
“ Voyage, but all to no purpose:  
“ For, I cou’d not meet with her  
“ at home. I visited many of  
“ her Friends, but could not hear  
“ of her: And, whatever Address  
“ and application I us’d to meet  
“ with her, it prov’d vain and  
“ fruitless: So that I was compell’d

“ pell’d to depart without bid-  
“ ding her, *Farewell*. I mounted  
“ therefore my Horse, very glo-  
“ my, and over-whelm’d with such  
“ dark thoughts, as her indifferent  
“ Heart did in no wise deserve.  
“ In the mean time, I made a  
“ pleasure of this Gloominess,  
“ because ’tis ever a sweet thing  
“ to Love: It was now no less  
“ than Three years, that my  
“ Heart had been almost buried  
“ in a monstrous inactivity. I  
“ was glad to find my self again  
“ in a Road, where a Man may  
“ take much delight to Ramble,  
“ Wherefore, I abandon’d it to  
“ its good or ill Fortune. A Man  
“ is sufficiently rewarded for his  
“ Passion by the Passion it self:  
“ And notwithstanding the odd  
“ displeasures, it may bring from  
“ the Indifference or Rigour of a  
“ Fair Lady, yet it never fails to  
“ have some very pleasing and  
“ sensible

“ sensible Moments : And I am of  
“ opinion, that laying all things  
“ together, the perplexities of Love  
“ are almost as much to be valued,  
“ as the Pleasures we enjoy else-  
“ where. I went my way there-  
“ fore, fill’d with these Philoso-  
“ phical Speculations: Or, rather  
“ (without acting the Hero of a  
“ Romance) filled with the charm-  
“ ing Idea I carried along with  
“ me, I arriv’d at *Paris* more in  
“ Love than ever I was with . . . .  
“ I knew not, what Course or  
“ Bias to take, to write to that  
“ amiable Person, that had the  
“ intire Possession of me. But at  
“ length, I writ to one of her  
“ She friends, and I enclos’d a  
“ Note in the Letter, which I de-  
“ fired her personally to deliver  
“ safe to *It*.

To

To the young *IRIS*.*The Tenth Letter.*

**S**INCE *Mademoiselle de . . . . .* has had the goodness, to take on her the Charge of this Letter, I have ventured to write to you at this time. I know, indeed, I ought not to do it in the least; and I ought to dream as little of you, as you have thought of me, now an whole Month together. I look'd up and down for you with such an earnestness, as, all the World will grant, your Non-inclinations did not deserve; and I was not able to bid you, *Adieu*, tho' my Passion, at least, might have Compounded for such a thing, before my departure. I know not, whether you know it, or whether you took the trouble to  
give

give your self Information thereof.  
 But, the Town I left without a  
 sight of you: Yet nevertheless,  
 I do but see you too well here  
 every day. How? cannot thirty  
 Leagues distance you from an  
 Heart, which you care for so  
 little? And cannot this Heart,  
 so indifferent to you, be ever di-  
 vided from you?

*Tho you slight it, tho it has  
 On its own side, against you, local space;  
 No where, but it doth your bright Image  
 see,  
 As if Love's God gave you ubiquity.*

You have render'd it insensible  
 to all the Pleasures, that here  
 present themselves in Crowds and  
 Rendezvous, so that it may  
 only have a sensation of its own  
 Misfortunes: This is it's sole  
 Employment. Yet still — if you  
 wou'd give some mitigation to 'em  
 by a Letter: But-hold, do not  
 write



write to me, a Correspondence is very dangerous with you. I have already learnt so thoroughly well, after what manner you write, and your Letters wou'd compleat my Ruine, if I could read over an Hundred and an hundred times the Character of an Hand, that has so much Wit at its Fingers ends. In the mean while, I am Lodged at . . . . And let what will come, this is my direction. I will not tell you by an Historical Retail all my Apprehensions, since my departure. Why shou'd your Idea thus follow me incessantly? And is not *Paris* a Sanctuary against this beautiful Image, that hobgoblins me continually? I will say no more to you now; I fear, I have said too much already. I expect an Answer to this, with an Impatience, which I wish you cou'd conceive. Dream sometimes of a  
2c  
Man,

Man, that is employ'd only about you, and will be so all his Life-time. *Adieu.*

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**IRIS, her Answer to  
TIMANDER.**

*The Eleventh Letter.*

**I** Was strangely surpriz'd to receive a Letter from you by *Mademoiselle* . . . . . The course was a very Indirect one, but I forgive you for this time: For I have some Rigours to bestow upon you some other ways. I say, Rigours; seeing I fancy my self in a sufficient Condition, to use this Term of speech. Undoubtedly, you have some Passion for me: But you have stay'd somewhat too long to explain your self. The time is

is over now, that I shou'd make any return or acknowledgment: It will be unseasonable, since all further Communication is absolutely to be broken. I can discern no occasion to continue it: And besides, it wou'd be an ill Management of a body's time, to enter into an affair, during a Separation. Absence is the Rock of every Passion, and thereon we shall presently see yours split it self. It is much better, to return you your Heart in an handsom way, than to expect, till you take it away from me. This is ever to have a Right over you, to be capable of such an Estate, as to restore you to your pristine Liberty. For this reason, if the business depends upon me, you are free; Or, if your Heart has constantly made its abode about and near mine (as you wou'd fain persuade me) it may depart, when it pleases.

E

L

*I, let your Heart of mine now take its leave,  
Yet its obligations mine will ne'er disown :  
No time shall it of Gratitude bereave,  
Nor shall your cares on it away be thrown.  
It may, perhaps, in time its Master pay :  
So, let him quit it till the Payment day.*

But, to return back to my Rigour, from which I have insensibly swerved; if it be true, that my Idea torments you so much, and even *possesses* you in the worst sense of the Word, I here send you a Receipt to exorcise it out. Do put repeat over five or six times all the hard Words in this Letter: And they will be a marvellous Preservative against all the most charming Ideas in the World. *Adieu*: Have as much care of my Tranquillity, when the occasion shall offer it self, as I have now of yours: And above all, write no more to me; for I can no longer receive any Letters from you,  
without

without running the greatest of dangers; seeing I am beset by spies on every side.

“ This Letter I had hardly received, but a most urgent hurry-burly of distraction laid hold of my Soul. Her threatening she would write no more to me, gave me true alarms : And to speak the truth, without scrupulously consulting, if my affairs required my longer stay at ..... where I then was, I came away the day following with such an unaccustom'd pleasure, as is felt by none but those that are mightily in Love, and have an ardent desire to see again its Object. I reached ..... and the next day after, I obtain'd this Letter to be given her.

TIMANDER to  
IRIS.*The Twelfth Letter.*

As soon as I had read your Letter, I departed at the same instant from ..... to bring you the Answer my self. I forgot all my affairs, to mind those only of my Heart, the greatest I ever had in all my Life. I could not sustain without dread that cruel Menace, you made me, of breaking our Commerce. Ah! Lovely ..... have you duly reflected on the Weight of those terrible Words? Was it not enough, not to see you, but you must deprive me of the happiness of writing to you? I see through your Intentions: You have, perhaps, a desire to disintricate your self from  
from

from a Man, whose Passion is troublesome to you. You will soon attain your end: Not to see you, and not to write to you any more, are two such things, as will quickly reduce me to a Condition of never troubling you further. Hereby, you will have shattered my Chains to pieces in an handsome way. You will do your self the kindness, without contradiction: Speak the word, and I return to . . . . fall back, fall edge: Repose your self upon my Anxieties, and they will afford you Contentment. But still, this is an ill employment of a Man's time to enter into an affair during a Separation. Absence is the Rock of all Passions, and you will see mine (like all other Lovers) split upon that Rock in a small time. Cruel Creature! How many injurious words and opprobrious terms hath my Heart (if I might

dare to say it) uttered against you, who do not deserve them? You are very ill acquainted with its Passion and your own Power over it, to believe, that absence can change and ever alter the Sentiments, it has of you. But what am I doing? No, no, you do not deserve, that I shou'd disabuse you: Break my Chains, if you can, and return me that Heart again, and that Liberty, which you make so little account of, since you cast them at my Head with so much indifferency.

*Am I in fit Condition, to receive  
The Heart and Liberty, you give?  
If they have cost you nothing to retain,  
Why do you send them back again?*

You fear, that absence may destroy a Passion as strong and forcible as mine. I would pardon you this fear, if you really and sincerely had it. In the mean time,



time, ever since I knew you, have you not been evermore absent in relation to me, and have I ever lov'd you the less for't? I see you so seldom, that it wou'd be the same thing to be an hundred Leagues from you, if I did not hope sometimes to meet with you. But still, I find you but too often out, to my discomfort: However, I would fain come to such a pass as to obey you, and resume that Heart, which you send me back again. But to answer you in your own Rhymes:

*Of yours, alas! can my Heart take its leave?*

*No! it's obligations it will ever own:*

*No time shall it of slavery bereave;*

*If it's cares on yours away be not thrown.*

*That time, when Iris can her Master pay,*

*The Dun will surely come on Payment-day.*

How have your Verses redoubled my Passion? With what a tender and sprightly Air are they inspir'd, that assures and puts me into despair at the same time? For, it may be, you wou'd not be very sorry to lose a Master, that will never leave you nor forsake you, but will patiently wait for the Retributions you owe to the Care, which his Heart takes in instructing such an ignorant Heart as yours, and that makes so little use of his Lessons. What you add afterwards, is well-natur'd and bewitching: *Take as much care of my Tranquillity, as I at present take of yours, &c.* What a fatal Care do you take of mine? Alas! If I took the like inspection over your Repose, I doubt, you would have very little of it. How restless and melancholy would you be; and, in few words, how tenderly would you love me? However,

ever, now see, what you wou'd have me do: I am return'd from ..... only to see and write to you: I have, without any hesitation, quitted all the Pleasures of the Court, to come and make mine to you. Behold, what I do without being belov'd; and judge of what I should do, if I were some degrees less unhappy.

“ After she had receiv'd this  
“ Letter, I continued a long time  
“ without any answer to it; and,  
“ not meeting the young *Irre*,  
“ whom I was inflam'd with a  
“ desire to see, in my impatience  
“ I writ the following Letter to  
“ her.

## To the young I R I S.

*The Thirteenth Letter.*

SINCE the writing of my last, I have sought for you, but was always frustrated. Are you available to me? Or, what have I done, that should deprive me of the pleasure to see you, tho I am come thirty Leagues expressly for that purpose? I perceive, you care not much, whether I be here, or in any other place: I see, it is all one to *Iris*, and she finds no interest nor importance in the matter.

I.

*Mounted upon the Wings of Love,  
From far to thee I swiftly Rove.*

*I rage to see*

*That which my Heart so much adores,  
And would make Gods turn Bigot-worship-  
pers.*

II.

II.

Eight days now are past and done,  
Since I these Racks have undergone:  
In every place  
I seek you, yet no where can find,  
But only in the Torments of my mind.

III.

Yet one Beam, fairest, of your Eye,  
Would make all these black Terrors fly:  
Or could I send  
A sigh, would you return a Line?  
But nought from your Old-rigor you'll decline.  
Alas! why can't I my Old heart regain,  
Which you in such hard pleasing chains  
detain?

In good earnest, if I had been  
somewhat wiser, I shou'd have  
obey'd you punctually: I shou'd  
have re-call'd my Heart to *Paris*,  
that doubtless would have diver-  
ted me extremely: But all the  
Company, I had, was only your  
Letters

Letters and my own Melancholy.  
I return'd thence inconsiderately  
at a time, when a thousand pleasures  
would have laid hands upon  
me in a place, where they all  
meet as in a Centre. But what?  
Was I capable of taking them,  
when I was so far distant from  
you? I know not, whether you  
keep accounts of all that I do for  
you: But I may say of your Heart  
with regard to mine:

*Never was Heart behind-hand more,  
Never did run so much o'th' score.  
It is my judgment, I declare,  
It ought to own its master's care.  
To think, that he should teach, is rude,  
For nothing but Ingratitude.  
As he's a gen'rous honest fellow  
(At least, as he is pleas'd to tell you).  
Deal by him fairly: And since you may  
All with one upright sigh re-pay,  
Esides th' acquittance, I'll maintain,  
He'll give the money back again.*

You

You see, how reasonable, and how easily satisfi'd your Master is:

*A small Proposal, Iris, this!  
One sigh is no such mighty thing:  
And yet to thank you he'll not miss,  
But for one, in his turn, will thousands  
bring.*

You see, you will lose nothing by the bargain. In good truth, my Adorable ..... I am here to deal with you very plainly, and from the bottom of my Heart. Nothing is comparable to the passion and esteem I have for you, but that to speak all in a word, it is proportion'd to your Merit: But I did not believe, that what I thought only to be meer Fooling and Metaphor, would ever come to turmoil my Heart at this rate, and make so weak an Impression upon yours. Your backward-

wardness to let me know, that my Passion is not altogether indifferent to you, doth torment me, and perhaps may in time destroy it. Let me explicitly know, what Pulses your Heart beats upon this Point: I have a mind to understand my good or my evil destiny; and I should think my self the most happy of Men, if your indifference or coldness created the same Sentiments in my Soul: And hereby, you will re-integrate that Liberty, which you so calmly send me back. But, tell me, *Irís*:

*When you my Liberty restor'd,  
With so much unconcern and Cruelty;  
Did not your Heart the fatal words deny,  
To lose a man of such fidelity?*

Send me an answer to this, or rather, I humbly supplicate you, disengage me quite, or else reengage me for ever.

*IRIS*



IRIS to TIMAN-  
DER.*The Fourteenth Letter.*

**T**HAT, according to my Intention you have quitted indifference, I find, *Timander*: And because this is a thing of some consequence and moment to me, I owe it at least some reflection. I begin to take Cognizance, that you are more deeply dipt, than it is necessary for my quiet. I see with some Griet, that one shall not preserve you long; unless one run the same danger with you. So that a body ought to consult her self about it: And this affair, between us two, deserves highly some considerative thoughts.

Good

Good now! *What troubles tear this*  
*Heart,*  
*When it is forc'd two distinct ways to part?*  
*When I see you, my Glory draws*  
*Me to engage you further in the Cause:*  
*But, on my side, my youngish Breast,*  
*Which finds it self with horrid dangers prest,*  
*Dares not leap into Love's Abyſſe,*  
*But a free Dispensation would poſſeſs.*  
*Reduc'd, thus, to the cruel choice,*  
*To riſque mine Heart or elſe my Shepherd*  
*loſe,*  
*Thus by a ſad Dilemma bound,*  
*What courſe for wiſe Election can be found?*

How luſcious wou'd it be to be  
 belov'd, if alternatively, one did  
 not expoſe one's ſelf to Love!  
 What pleaſure is there in viewing  
 with a diſinterreſs'd Eye a Lover,  
 while he heaves up ſerious and  
 unhypocritical ſighs? Why ſhould  
 a body fear to have the ſame Lot  
 one's ſelf another day? But why  
 do you exact it already from me?  
 It is indeed, one of the greateſt  
 pieces

pieces of Honesty, I ever heard of,  
that of yours, to ask one sigh,  
and then give a thousand for it:  
Yet, alas!

*'Tis the first sigh, which the whole Heart  
does win:*

*And when it's once betray'd into the gin,  
The hottest heaving sighs are all allow'd:  
Who will give one, will forthwith give a  
crowd.*

In effect, this is the first Hom-  
mage, that is pay'd to Love: The  
rest of course follows after, and  
every thing in the sequel appears  
easie. It is the first entrance of  
Love into the Heart; whence  
depends all the devastation and  
havock, that is made there: And  
it is this entrance, which we  
ought to dispute with him Inch  
by Inch. So that I must vigi-  
lantly keep upon my Guard: But  
already

## I.

*Dare you Securities require?  
 Just has your Heart now foster'd the  
 desire,  
 And trembling Flames scarce rise from the  
 new Fire.*

## II.

*Is this a time to fear? is this  
 Your wishing, sighing dying tenderness?  
 Rather the Rock of both our Liberties.*

## III.

*Oh! for an Heart always to fear,  
 It plainly shews th' inherent weakness  
 there;  
 Heav'n keep me from't! all Cowardize I  
 forswear.*

*To speak unfeignedly, I wou'd  
 avoid\*as much as possibly the fear-  
 ing you; since the fear of Loving  
 de-*

destroys the Calmness of ones humor: I look upon it to be worse than the evil it self. But when all is done, I fancies, a body is troubled enough to find a Lover the Mistress of ones Heart: Yet then, the thing is past and over, and I believe, one tastes some Repose, when there remains nothing to be managed. But to how many unmerciful alarms does a young Heart expose it self, that was never us'd to 'em? What a world of tears, perils, and uneasiness must it pass through the first time it suffers it self to be attac'kd? Why should I expose mine to all these Troubles without any necessity? That wou'd be meer folly: No, it shall engage in nothing: Rather resume your indifference, that will be a good Caution for mine, which I ought not to venture, to save your Passion in its Birth. Now, how rational is this?

Yet

Yet nevertheless, I cannot resolve  
designedly to destroy a Conquest,  
which has already cost me some  
trouble to make.

Yes, tho my Reason doth my Love oppose,  
Yet I confess in the dispute,  
By'ts bold, tho weak resistance in the close,  
Reason is not so Absolute.  
Continue in my Chains then Captive still:  
I have decreed, let happen good or ill.

This passage is somewhat delicate as to the acception, and I will not swear, I take it in the Literal signification of the Words. In the mean time, when you think fitting, you may return to ..... I will find out some Shifts to continue our Correspondence: But pray, observe all along the faults I commit, either in the Verse or Prose, and mark 'em down for me; so that at least my mind may get some improvement by the hazards, whereinto

I run my Heart. *Adieu.* To be sure, admit no Confidants: Two Witnesses are sufficient for one Heart: If the other Heart will be meddling, let it alone, it will do no mischief: But a Third Person wou'd be not only inconvenient but troublesome.

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*TIMANDER's Answer  
to the young I R I S.*

*The Fifteenth Letter.*

**H**OW enchanting is your Letter, Divine ..... I have been just now solemnizing the Reading of it with a thousand sighs: And the answer, which my own honor commands me to make, wou'd be to make none at all. If I let you see in my  
Letter

Letter the weakness of my Wit,  
 you will at least discover the  
 strength of my Heart's sentiments:  
 And if you have the advantage  
 over me to write a thousand times  
 better than I, I shall have at least  
 that of Loving a thousand times  
 better than you, which you dare  
 not bring into Contestation with  
 me. But, to give a regular and  
 methodical Reply to your Letter,  
 you are too rational to believe  
 me to be too much engag'd: If  
 I am really so, it's rather for your  
 Interest than my own; and if I wou'd  
 have you run the same Perils with  
 me, it is to let you tast the same Plea-  
 sures. So to answer your Verses  
 with the same Changes.

*About a Shepherd is your Heart  
 Perplex'd, and knows not to take either  
 As soon as it another draws, [Part?  
 It ought to engage it self in the same Cause:  
 They both should the same dangers press,  
 Which is the self-same pleasures to possess.*

*See*



*See at your Feet the Shepherd bound,  
Kissing with Reverence the Holy ground,  
Oh! raise him up by a free choice,  
And, save the Shepherd and your doubtings  
lofe.*

Wherefore, know, fair *Iris*, that  
it is a sad, a very sad thing to be  
belov'd, if we do not Love, that  
which loves us.

*Reciprocally Love should move;  
For Love was only made for Love.  
In single Hearts the flame is slight,  
In two, magnificently bright:  
In one, Love is but Partial,  
In two united, one and all:  
In two it clubs the sacred Treasures  
Of pleasing Torments, torturing pleasures:  
The she for him was made no less,  
Than th' Lover for the Loveress.*

Why, then, shou'd you be afraid of having the same Fate with me? What wou'd you do with my Passion, if it was not followed by  
your.

your own? Believe me, without this, it wou'd prove a thing wholly useless, and perchaunce very cumberfom. Do not stand upon your Guard, therefore, if I desire a sigh of your Heart, for that by advance and Anticipation mine has already pay'd it with a Million of sighs.

*'Tis this first sigh, which my Heart doth deserve,*

*If you would from your Skepticism swerve:  
Pardon me, Nymph, if Trembling I  
surmize,*

*You have already known a thousand sighs.*

Indeed, according to the manner, wherein you reason, and draw deductions and Corollaries touching Love tenderness, I am terribly affraid, lest your Heart has already felt its Assaults from some other Enemy, and has had some other Master, whose Lessons may have preceded mine.

*For*

For my part, in this state, 'tis my sole task,  
 Iris one civil Question now to ask:  
 Was it true Love, or purely nature brought  
 You so much knowledge, and experienc'd  
 thought?

'Tis true, if your knowledge  
 intimidates me, yet nevertheless  
 your Youth and small experi-  
 ence reassures me, on the other  
 hand.

For, who could thoughts of fifteen summers  
 link

With so much justness, and nice care?  
 Who could e'er yet depaint down, what they  
 think,

With so Polite and Curious an Air?  
 In thought and Style, both Symmetry and  
 Grace,  
 Shine in her Paper, as her Face.

For my share, I have not black  
 Eye enough, to dive into this  
 Miracle, which I admire, but dare  
 not plumb to the bottom. I fear  
 every

every thing, but have not Courage to hope for any thing. All that I can say to you, amounts to this: That, an Heart (me-thinks) ought once to be ill defended, to defend it self so well afterwards. Pardon this jealous Nicety (young *Iris*) I beg it upon my knees at this distance: Alas! I with your Heart knew the price of that first sigh, which mine requires of it.

*When we do such Securities require  
Against an Heart, that sets us all on fire,  
We ought to know the Tenderness,  
And price of all our Liberties:  
This is my fear, but Pardon, Tris, this,  
Which springs from weak and tender jealousy.*

Fear, therefore, no more to fear me: I am not so dangerous to your Tranquillity, as you have been to mine. But take fresh Courage, seeing I have not your merit.

merits. And, I fear very much  
to my disquiet, that I shall find you  
too calm and unconcern'd.

*So, let your self be kindled by my Love,  
And you will have no reason to com-  
plain:*

*And, when you can but once your fires  
approve,*

*Then will you cease to fear me once again.*

Nevertheless, if it be true, that  
to make a Conquest of me has  
cost you some trouble, it shall be  
well repay'd. This passage in  
your Letter is so delicate, that I  
have read it over a thousand times,  
as well as the Verses that follow,  
which I dare not touch, for fear I  
spoil the admirable sense of them.

The only fault, I find in your Letter,  
is that reflection in the Prose,  
which comes after those lovely  
Verses. And, since you command  
me to tell you your faults, that  
your Wit may reap some profit

from the dangers, wherein you engage your Heart (which is a divine thing) you may be pleas'd to rase these Words out of your Letter. *This occurence is somewhat delicate as to the acceptation; and I will not swear, I take it all Literally.* Oh, harsh and salvage Prose, after such kind and tender Verses! As for the rest, we will have no Confidents. I will give you my Love-letters my self, and will only trust my own individual self with the sentiments of my own Heart: Give me yours, in like manner, at our next meeting. But, most especially, let two Hearts as well as a couple of Heads enter into this Negotiation, so that things may stand in a just Equality.

IRIS, her Answer to  
TIMANDER.*The Sixteenth Letter.*

**I**N short, you take it ill, that I appear so knowing in the matter of Passion. The truth is, I was surpriz'd my self as well as you, to find so much Illumination in me, that I had never look'd for. I should, no doubt, have ask'd my Reason, whether it was that, which had taught me so much: Perhaps it would have been in a strange taking, to have made an answer. Such sort of Questions do ordinarily terrifie it, and put it to confusion and flight; but that your Fears and Jealousies are able to fetch it back again, tho' it had strayed very far. What Injustice do you commit against a

young Heart to believe, that it hath felt the power of Love, when I confess to you from the bottom of my Soul, that it avoids it as the most dangerous thing in the World?

*If this Sigh-commerce, which two Lovers use,  
To Lovers pierc'd by the same Darts,  
Makes the Felicity of Hearts,  
Why should I all those Pleasures still refuse?*

Truly, you have not considered your assertion thoroughly enough. If to sigh in Concert and together, be so pleasurable a thing, how can you think I would avoid it, when I have had experience thereof, and would preserve my own Liberty, by the knowledge I have of the pleasure one takes in losing it? Make all these things hang together, if you can. However, we are to believe, that there is much



much pleasure in preserving a body's Liberty, seeing you say, I know the price of it so well. After all these words so plain and intelligible, any other besides my self would think Love's party to be the weaker: But, I expect, 'till you pronounce hereon out of your Professorian Chair.

*And, if this Heart should form a vow,  
Which hangs now in suspence,  
I'm sore afraid, that it would bow  
In favour of indifference.*

I here send you my Epistle to Love, revis'd, corrected, and augmented: (The Second Edition:) Pray write me your thoughts of it.

" You admire, *Madam*, at the  
" manner wherein this Letter is  
" turn'd and winded, and how  
" full of Reasoning it is. For my  
" share

“ share, I never saw so much fine-  
“ nefs and subtilty: And, you see  
“ that an Heart, defended by so  
“ great a Wit, must needs be of  
“ difficult access. However, *Ma-*  
“ *dam*, the greatest difficulties do  
“ only irritate our Passion. I per-  
“ ceiv’d, I must e’en march step  
“ by step; and this would prove  
“ an affair of a longer breath and  
“ continuance, than I imagined.  
“ This Letter was only full of  
“ Wit, but the former had some-  
“ what more Tenderness: So that  
“ my Heart floated betwixt hope  
“ and fear. I very seldom saw  
“ the young *Is*, and I could  
“ only write to her: And still,  
“ frequently, I was a long time  
“ without giving her my Letters,  
“ it being a Month and longer,  
“ before I could find her. She  
“ very seldom came into Publick,  
“ and the over-strickt Regularity  
“ of her Benefic’d Uncle would  
“ hardly

“ hardly let her go to Mass;  
“ not considering, that such  
“ strain'd Punctilioes of exactness  
“ do sometimes provoke young  
“ People, to take, of them-  
“ selves, those Liberties, deny'd  
“ them by others. But, though  
“ this transcendent Creature had  
“ very little Liberty, she never  
“ took any of her self, but liv'd  
“ under a Monastical constraint,  
“ that extremely vex'd and affli-  
“ cted me. Wherefore, I was a  
“ long while without meeting her:  
“ But, at length, as I pass'd one  
“ day in the street I met her, and  
“ after a light Conversation, I  
“ had only time to give her this  
“ Letter.

TIMANDBER to the  
young IRIS.*The Seventeenth Letter.*

**I**N good earnest, I am but sorrowfully edifi'd with your backwardness to let me have an occasion of meeting you. But what do you think upon? You have very fairly made me spoil in my Pocket those answers, I was to give you: And, you will not suffer me to confide 'em with such People, as might do us great and good service in an harmless Correspondence, which you need not take so much pains to conceal from the World, seeing your Heart hath kept at a distance from all engagements in it, and mine is the only one that is interested; and your Uncle, as devout as he is,

is, can find no fault with it. A Man with a Sword by his side makes him as red as a Turkey-rock; and unless a Man wear a little Collar like him, and a little Periwig, he cannot come within fifty steps of your house. For my particular, I am almost resolv'd to make such a Metamorphosis of my self to pay you a Visit in a Fools Habit, and to take on me the Ait of a *Tartuff* to accommodate my self to his sight. But however, ought not you, for all him, to facilitate the ways to me of seeing and speaking with you? I must confess, your Wit has amaz'd me, I was bewildred to find so much Flame and delicacy in it; I never expected to meet in the barbarous Country a Spirit, that had so small a tincture thereof, that made so easie a passage into the manners and customs of the World without any practice,

practice, and to which meer natural Parts supply'd the place of all the most consummated Art and Experience. I deal with you here with the greatest sincerity, and from the very bottom of my Soul: I have conceiv'd so high an esteem of you, and I am so fully satisfi'd of your worth, that it lies upon you, to take somewhat more notice of this estimation, which you hold so indifferent, and which will carry me much further than it self. Nevertheless, if I should make this my Period, it wou'd be well enough: But, I am sensible, by what it has cost me already, what it will one day cost me. I have taken much delight in writing to you, and receiving your Letters, that have enchanted me: And I am persuaded, That *France* will some time or other own it's great Obligations to me, for having help'd  
to

to cultivate one of the most excellent *Genii* it ever produc'd. You have made me prolong soundly and abundantly that short abode, I was us'd to make in this Province. I parted thence contrary to my custom, with such an horrid darkness upon my thoughts, as I never had since my acquaintance with you: And I return'd hither with such a desire, as I am unable to represent. Here I continue still upon your sole account and consideration: Whil'st it is well known, that 'tis now above Eight years, that the Month of *October* has not seen me at . . . . . I could wish, it were possible for me to establish a Commerce, that begins to become very dear and near to me. I cannot consider without the greatest Terroures imaginable, that I must leave you suddenly. I am almost distracted with endeavouring to find out ways of writing

ting to you, during a long absence. I know not, whether you would consent to it: Scarce have I seen you for these two Months, that I know of: And yet I find, I am as far advanc'd in my Passion, as if I had never seen you. But, why should my concerns tear me from you? And yet, why should I be so sensible of a departure, which you look upon with so regardless an Eye? I have hardly taught you any thing in the Subject of Tenderness; and yet, you have inspir'd but too much into me, to the destruction of my Tranquillity: So that I may disconsolately say, that the Master has taught the Scholar nothing, and the Scholar has learn'd the Master too much. You are very desirous, I should engage my self; but you will not hearken to your own engagement. Now, is this reasonable, or fair? You would have me  
alone



alone bear the whole burden of  
 Passion during a tedious separation,  
 yet will not participate of it with  
 me your self.

Speak, Fairest, and your Mind explain,  
 Though I shall hear it with much pain:  
 For, I'm resolv'd before we part,  
 To listen, if each other's Heart  
 Be well cemented in Concert:

This is a shrew'd step: And howe'er I  
 meant it, yet I may find it  
 Perhaps you'll give me Reasons to repeat it.

It's the same thing to me: I  
 wou'd fain learn your Resolutions  
 hereon, and what Progress my  
 Love has hitherto made in your  
 Heart.

Alas! What strange Anxieties,

Do my Heart seize,

When yours I see

To mine so careless to reply?

Give me some hearty [tho't be little] Food:  
 I cannot live on bare Ingratitude.

Upon

Upon my Soul, very often I know not, what is become of me. You have made me change altogether my manner of life. I was naturally of a very free and unconfin'd Temper: But now, I have neither that Pleasantness nor Liberty of mind, which was accusom'd at other times so faithfully to keep me Company. All my business is about you: I fly the World, which I once passionately lov'd: I have found my self drench'd, for this good while, into a profound dotage, whereof you are the greatest cause; and I am not as yet awak'd out of it but by the trouble I have to leave you. I am come into a desperate Condition: And this departure strikes as much at my Heart, as if I was tenderly belov'd by you. I beseech you to involve yours a little more than you do, in an affair, wherein mine so strongly interestes it self:  
But

But you mind nothing of the matter; you will not share with me the pleasure I have to see you; and you rob me of those Moments, that are so dear to me, and which you make to pass away with an inconceivable swiftness. If I happen to meet you, and am a moment with you, you are presently for going away with an uneasiness, that extremely torments me: You are always pretending some fear to be any long time far from home. How much more piercing Anguishes than these would I expose my self to, provided I cou'd have the pleasure to enjoy so sweet a Moment: But, upon that upshot, take this into your Consideration, that there is nothing so agreeable in human Life as a reciprocal Passion; and make this your scope to aim at:

*That*

That we our Radiant Hearts employ,  
 In one united Beam do shine:  
 So that the doubt shall be, if mine  
 Or yours the greatest pleasures do enjoy.

A positive and Categorical Answer, I conjure you. *Adieu.*

---

**I R I S**, her Answer to  
**T I M A N D E R.**

*The Eighteenth Letter.*

**I** Did not believe before now,  
 Upon my Reputation, *Timander*,  
 I was so much indebted to  
 you. I did not reckon your return  
 from *Paris* in the number of my  
 debts: And, if I was bound to  
 place it to the foot of the account,  
 I shou'd find myself unable to ac-  
 quit or discharge it: My whole  
 stock of acknowledgment wou'd  
 not

not suffice, and it looks like too hard measure to drain it quite dry. Do not go to persuade me, that you did it for my sake: You are out in your reckoning there, and I will tell you how: I ever fram'd to my self a very pleasant Idea of Love: I fancy'd it only proper to amuse and divert an Heart, and I did not believe it capable of affording more serious Employments. But, in short, if your Love makes you to return thirty Leagues expressly for the sake of an ill-establish'd Correspondence, I am of opinion, it may carry you much farther: Insomuch that, hereupon I ought to stand upon my Guard, having no desire nor ambition to go so swift a pace. Lord bless me to ride full thirty Leagues (and I shall never forget it) for the sole interest of your Passion! This affrights me most horribly. In God's Name, let us have only (if it be possible)

possible) a tenderness in Picture; and let our Heart have no sense of what our Hand shall dash and blot upon Paper; seeing this same dangerous Passion leads People so swiftly and such a great way. Besides, do not complain, that I stay so little while with you, when I meet you. You ought rather to judge, I have such Reasons that perplex me, it may be, as much as you, which are the cause of those sudden Retreats, that are some of your grievances. *Adieu.* Above all, let us have a Passion, that will not plunge us too deep, and from which we may disengage our selves when we think fitting, in regard it is so dangerous to feel one that hurries People so far, from whence it is a great piece of difficulty to return.

TIMANDER's Answer  
to the young IRIS.

*The Nineteenth Letter.*

**I**F you had seen the melancholy, into which your last Letter put me, you wou'd, questionless, have repented, you had ever writ it. I know not whether I shall have strength to make a Replication: I see so much Ingratitude and so much indifference in't, that it ought to recall mine. But how! after three Months fixation to the most passionate tenderness, is this all the Progress I have made in your Heart? You treat and regale me with an affection in Picture. Yet, what glimmering of hope from all this? You even doubt, whether I turn'd expressly from . . . . . to see you. What signifies it, if I make  
that

that of my Heart my chief and ~~primary~~ Concern, when it is only an amazement to yours (as I have already told you) and if I lose my own Repose, when yours continues intire still, and unshaken? I'll vow, you are very unjust to upbraid me, that my Passion carries me too far, in making me come thirty Leagues. What way hath it made you go, whereof you have reason to complain? You ought not to be extraordinarily fatigu'd with so long a Journey, since it never brought you but from ~~one~~ whither you have taken the pains to come sometimes; and you have render'd me thirty Steps for those thirty Leagues. You have mighty great occasion (I warrant you) to make some ease after such a toilsom expedition. Indeed, *Madameiselle*, I am not yet acquainted with you: I forgive you that Picture affection,

with



with which you affront a true tenderness; since that you understand not the force of those cruel words. No, most undoubtedly, with all your Wit you do it, conceive the force and extent of those fatal and dead-doing Words; for as much as your Heart should first be as tender as mine, to feel all the bitterness of them. Oh, that I should ever know you! By what contrivance of Fate did I first see you? And, what Devil put me into the hands of such a young gadding and shifting Wag, that knows not yet all the evil she does, and all the good she may do? Why am I persuaded of your Value and Excellence, in loving you so tenderly? Why cannot I resume my Heart again, and blot and dash it with indifference, by way of remonstrance to your *Lely*-affection? I would give my self certain strokes and airs of confidence and high-spiri-

spiritedness; which, yet wou'd melt to nothing when I come near you. But stay! should I burn in good earnest, shou'd I have a true inquietude, and (in fine) a true and a rich Passion for an ingrateful Person? I believe, in good faith, nothing of all this. In the mean time, let me know the last resolve of your Heart, whether it will engage with mine, or disengage it altogether. I shall go within these two days; I expect its answer with impatience, which will bring my destiny. There is not one moment to be lost; since on this moment depends the loss or the liberty of an Heart, which hath been but too much *Yours*.

*TIMAN.*

TIMANDER to  
IRIS.*The Twentieth Letter.*

THE day before yesterday, I waited for you at the place, whither you promis'd me to come, but to no purpose: There, you made me stay full four hours, till half an hour after seven. The expectation of you did horribly turmoil me, and this perplex'd me as much as the Letter, I receiv'd from you. I took the History of France, I read something in it; I discours'd at random; I sigh'd, and, in fine, I appear'd, in such a dumpish humor, that some of the Company could not forbear taking me up for it. The Persons, with whom

G

I

I was, tho very lovely, could bring no Consolation for your absence. You have given me so great a disgust for all the rest of the World, that I am become insupportable to my self. Yet however, I am not satisf'd, why I lay so great stress upon an interview, which you have promis'd me. After the Letters, you have written to me, I ought to quit you absolutely: But, alas! meeting you yesterday, I saw something so tender, so soft and sweet in your Eyes, which made reparation for the cruelty of your Letters, that I could not keep from falling once more into the snare. You promis'd me to be at ..... and my Heart promis'd you (in spite of my teeth) to love you more than ever. But, why do you break your Word? Where was you? What was you doing? What was you busie about?

bout? In what Company did you cozen the time, that was due to the Eve of my departure? Oh, that a little effective and real Passion would inspirit me instead of that Picture-affection, wherewith your two last are topping full! 'Tis true, your Air is kind and tender enough, so that a Man does not know what to think of it. Take, now the same Air in your Letters: You ought to modify and sweeten the fire and lustre of your Wit with a mixture of Passion; and, in brief, trifle a little more seriously. Leave the motions of your mind to be Conducted by your Heart: But, especially teach me, before my departure, in what situation I am with you: Perhaps, I stand at a great Elongation. Nevertheless, let what will happen, speak out, tell me boldly, *I hate you*, if you dare not tell me *I Love you*:

Peradventure, the first will be less fatal than the second, which will cost me, without doubt, the Repose of my whole Life. An answer with the soonest.

---

# IRIS to TIMANDER

*The One and Twentieth Letter.*

## I.

**F**arewell, Timander, O farewell, nor stay

To hear the Words, which you desire;  
For, how can I, at th' warning of one day,  
A kind return make to your fire?  
Or, if I could, tho' after bloody strife,  
I could not speak the Sentence for my life.

## II.

## II.

*But, still alas! — Whence comes this ugly  
sigh?*

*What secret Fiend does hag my Breast?  
I fear, I give my self a cursed lye:*

*Oh, no! Love's Empire I detest.  
Without true Protestant reserve, yet Zeal,  
I say, Farewell, Timander, O Farewell!*

## III.

*If my Eyes [foolish things!] do you inform  
Of any Love, or God knows what,  
My Mouth can soon, can in a thundering  
storm*

*Tell you quite other News than that:  
But, see, without Confession on my part,  
If you can Love me with a steadfast heart.*

## IV.

*One single Heart, you say, cannot suffice:  
Two Months vain Transports drain a  
Lover;*

*But, how shall I know, if from Love they  
rise?*

*Time may a different Cause discover.*

*With what Front can you, Men, pretend to  
Name*

*So soon a true and intermutual Flame.*

## V.

*Your Heart long time in Prison cannot  
dwell:*

*The Chain it slips, and slips the place;  
But, mine when fixt, as in Monastick Cell,  
Cannot get free from the Embrace.*

*You, Men, do Love, like Modish Cloaths,  
put on:*

*We think's an Habit of Religion.*

## VI.

*But, this along with you, Timander, take:  
Love, that doth all things over-come,  
Me one day one of his sad slaves may make,  
Tho by a slow, yet certain doom.*

*But, here in solemn wise, this Oath I'll  
seal:*

*Whatever amorous Martyrdom I feel,  
I never will one word of it reveal.*

*These are my Thoughts, Timan-  
der, upon the Declaration, which  
you*



you exact from me. Therefore, desire such a thing no more: It is of most necessary Consequence, that your Heart shou'd take its leave of this affair, as soon as mine shall be in an estate to enter it. I would fly you, if I had not the Right and Prerogative to banish you: Or I would banish you from my presence, if I had the Power to do so. What a wretched success is this of so brave a Passion, and what will be sav'd from the Shipwreck and Ruins of our interchangeble affection? You would admire me, and I should complain of you; this wou'd be all the fruit of that so soft and tender Love. Believe me, we may admire our selves afresh, both the one and the other. You may wonder at a young Heart, that knows already most excellently well, how to defend it self, as if it had been attack'd all its

life long, that is acquainted readily with all the cunning sleights of Love, and can avoid 'em with dexterity and ease. But do you likewise manage the business so, that I may stand astonish'd at the Constancy of your Heart, to surmount and vanquish all the hardness of mine. 'Tis not imptobable, but it will retain it not long, and it will entertain some Passion both for its own and for your Repose, seeing the Accounts are little different between a beloved and a loving Heart. Wherefore, never despair to see it one day in the same case with yours; But, by the force of Cares and of Affection, weary out the obdurateness you shall find there: Long suffering and Perseverance prevail over the most Opinionative and Rebellious dispositions. Do not then, fear the effect of all my Menaces; and without having recourse to an avowal

vowal, wherein my Glory and Honour may be somewhat interest'd, there are a thousand ways of discovering a New-born Passion, which a body sees to grow up with pleasure. If the Tongue dare speak nothing, at least the Eyes have an Eloquention on such an occasion: And, a little disorder and perplexity explain it with more delicacy, than a Confession, which would make one blush:

*And, above all, a certain Languishing,  
[The Hool, that construes well the mind]  
Will very soon tell you the thing,  
Whatever morose Rigour now you find.*

# TIMANDER's Answer to the young IRIS.

*The Two and Twentieth Letter.*

**Y**OUR Copy of Verses  
wou'd have infinitely augmented the esteem, I had conceiv'd of your Genii, but that I have been otherwise, too well convinc'd of its Perfections; and if I had as free and as disengag'd a Wit as you have, I should immediately set upon an Answer: But the motions of my Heart do quench and offuscate the clearness of my Soul, and I have but just Light enough to see, that I have none at all in an approximation to you. All that I am able to rejoyrn, comes to this, that I love you *\* éperduëment, perdisé.* *\* desperately.* Behold all my

my Verses, all my Wit, all my Merit! I am not in a condition to add any thing more: My Love, my Departure, my Anxiety do take me up so entirely, that I have hardly the leisure to breath.

Judge, *Lovely Iris*, of my *doleful state*:  
*Scarce equal is my whole Heart to my*  
*sighs*:

*How then can I Love-jingles ruminate?*  
*I Love, I go, and you this Love despise,*

What dainty fine Verses should I Compose, if I had that Tranquillity, which you enjoy? But, in few words, take some of my Passion, and give me some of your Wit: Of them we may make a more comfortable Temperature. You will receive much more pleasure, than you have, and I shall have less Pensiveness: And, upon the main, I should write to you more curious Letters,

ters, and you would have more  
passionate Sentiments. However,  
you, you have nothing but Wit,  
and to my Lot falls nothing but  
Affection.

*Cruel Division for a Lover's Heart,  
Where no one else will take a part!  
A Barbarous Providence, where you possess  
The Wit intire, I intire Tenderness!*

In the mean time, I assure you,  
that you will have a thousand  
pleasures, you never had, if you  
were further drench'd in this affair:  
Some Passion would make you  
slip over a thousand yawnings,  
since without Love pleasures them-  
selves are faint and insipid.

*Yes, you ought to envy Love:  
It's delicious Languors can,  
When they the Heart do briskly  
move,  
Only make the joy of Man.*

I have a thousand pretty thoughts to tell you upon this Topick, but that I want time, and my Stars will not let my concerns be in so good an humor, as that I should be able to write fine devices and conceits to you. I love you, I am departing; I shall see you no more: I know not how I stand with your Heart; I am sure, mine is wholly taken up with yours. What Fears, what Anguishes do rack my Soul! I shall not see you of a long time; I shall not have the indulgent delight to hope for such a thing: I shall be more than fifteen days in expectation of so heavenly a moment. I shall no more feel that emparadis'd emotion, which your approach strikes me withal! That so sweet, so sensible a confusion, when you give me your Letters with your own hand, and receive my Answers

swers from mine before People, that know nothing at all of the matter, and from whom we conceal our Intrigues! Above all; remember the trouble I was in yesterday, when I gave you my Letter, and receiv'd yours. This will spare me the pains to make some Verses in return to those admirable ones of yours. Your Prose is very chaste and delicate; and if I had time to Answer it, I would tell you in two words, That, if you once lov'd me, you would be so far from flying or banishing me, that you wou'd seek me out every where as diligently, as I inquire after you. Let us not cast away our selves in the Haven, but happily Land on the fortunate Shore; So that our Vicarious Passion may not be split or broken to pieces, but may receive a much stronger and more lasting bond of Concord than



than ever: And what will be the issue of all this, but that which I told you last?

*A thousand and a thousand Wishes,  
A thousand and a thousand Kisses,  
A thousand and a thousand Pleasures  
Will follow in eternal Treasures.*

I cannot see, how such a Shipwreck can be so very, very dangerous. More particularly, think, that you lose a great deal of pleasure by defending your self so long. Your Heart is an excellent spot of Ground to be made Arable, but suffer no new Thorns to spring up in't. Admire, therefore, my affectionate Fidelity, but do not tire it out by so long a resistance. And especially,

*Hasten that certain Languishing  
(The Hool, that constuers well the mind:)  
Be sure it quickly tell the thing;  
And let that morose Rigour once be kind.*

*A Collection of*

*I M A N D E R to  
R I S.*

*the Three and Twentieth Letter.*

Did not much wonder to be  
forgotten by *Madam* ..... But  
as in good hopes you wou'd  
remember the promise you made  
to send every *Wednesday* to  
Post-house for the Letters, I  
wou'd direct to you under the  
name of *Mademoiselle D* ..... I  
writ two, that have lain  
a long time, and which I  
sent ..... to fetch back, for fear  
should be lost. I am much  
troubled at the forgetfulness of  
*Beautiful D* ..... who had pro-  
mised to write to me. Do not  
forget, I beseech you, if I have  
mentioned you for her, seeing she  
has as much Merit as your self.  
Her

Her  
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Her last Copy of Verses was in-  
supportably killing: Her wit, her  
delicacy, and the justness of her  
Expressions have been admired  
here; and Persons of the highest  
Quality have been extremely ear-  
nest to be acquainted with her  
charming Person, as they already  
have knowledge of the beauty of  
her Wit: Infomuch as

Her Verse and Prose they thought so excel-  
lent,

That, to compleat my utmost Punishment,  
They seem'd to long for this forbidden  
Tree,

Whose early Fruit had op'd their Eyes to  
See;

And Princes will my Lordly Rivals  
be.

With so much esteem they  
spoke of her; they render'd her  
so much Justice, that I was al-  
most jealous of them. They curs'd  
the Province, that seclusely con-  
fin'd

fin'd a Genius as delicate as any at the Court: And People will not easily believe, that at Fifteen Years and an half one can know so much. You know, what inclinations I have to that amiable Person; You are acquainted with her: So, do not be jealous, if I make my Applications to her. I know I have been always too indifferent to you, for your having the least regret for losing such an Heart as mine: The incomparable D.... has accepted on't, inspiring it with a Passion, that will never have an end but with my Life. I attend her News with such an Impatience, as is unknown to indifferent Hearts. She knows, I am lodg'd at ..... I was reduc'd to the greatest despair, by departing without being able to bid her, *Adieu*: But there was no help for it. Besides, it shou'd, as  
if

if she car'd very little, that a Man shou'd take leave of her, which she but too freely and unconcernedly gave me. I beseech you, to let me understand some of her News, since you refuse to let me hear yours. I have ventured this Letter by *Madam* ..... An Answer by *Saturday*, I entreat you, and to believe, that I am both yours and *Mademoiselles D*.....

*Most humble Servitor.*

---

*I R I S*, her Answer to  
*T I M A N D E R*.

*The Four and Twentieth Letter.*

**I**N reality, Sir, I did already reckon you amongst my revolted Lovers. Your sudden Retreat contain'd the whole System

System of a Revolt. Nevertheless, I am told here, that you love me; but forasmuch as you your self do not tell me so, who have more Interest in the Thing, I know not how to believe it. Good God, to go without bidding me, *Adieu!* This is the utmost, that the most desperate or most indifferent Blade in the World cou'd do. Thanks to my Eyes, you are not the first! And, thanks to what those very Eyes have procue'd in your Heart, you believe, you ought not to be the second! For (to deal sincerely with you) I observe a certain Air of Boldness and Confidence in your Letter, which does in no wise please me. You speak of your Passion, as if it was necessarily to suppose mine: And to use my freedom of speech, I think you somewhat too adventurous, for an absent Lover. How do you know,  
most  
but

but that believing you lost, I have laid out for some new Lover, or, whether during this pretended Interregnum, I have been always Mistress of my own Heart? This is a business, subject to Caution: Your calm and easie way with you is very unseasonable at a time, when every true Lover ought to dread something. Do you think your absence more fatal to my Repose, than ever your presence has been, and that what ordinarily destroys the best founded Passion, has given a Being to mine? I wish, you were somewhat more alarm'd, that I might be in an estate to secure you in the Conclusion, and to tell you rather than you shou'd tell your self, that I am still free, and by consequence in a Condition to engage my self. I have an hundred odd things to tell you on this Subject: But I have not leisure to dwell on it, as doubting, that you have  
ex-

expected my Answer these three or four days.

I did not receive your Letter till yesterday: And, as it was apparently open'd before I had it, and I shall be oblig'd to adjust things with *Madam*..... you must look for some asperities upon this point. Your imprudence and indiscretion do very well deserve them: And I think, you manage very ill the glory of *Mademoiselle D*..... who bears too great a Relation and Analogy with me, not to be taken for my self. Lay your measures better together another time: If you had stay'd here but two days more, I would have taken the way of..... which I look upon to be more sure and Commodious. Thither you may direct your Letters every *Friday*, and I will send for 'em by very faithful hands: And you shall receive mine every *Tuesday*. *Adieu*: Let me have your Avisos, with all the Galantry at *Paris*. The



*The Five and Twentieth Letter.*

**I**F I had made a less Revolt from Reason, I had, unquestionably, made a greater from Love: And I ought to have departed (many thanks to your disdains) not the most desperate but the most indifferent of all Men. The harsh and rough manner, wherewith you left me, might reasonably Authorize mine: Yet however, do you call to mind, with what an Air I bid you, *Adieu*, and with what an Air you receiv'd it? But no matter for that: I am afraid, such a remembrance may let you know, that I went away much more desperate than indifferent. Notwithstanding this, I do all that lies in my power to become so: And if (as you say) I take upon me a certain confident way in my Letters, which is not to your Palate, I am sure, in your Papers you always

ways retain a certain indifferent one, that is not at all to mine. If you think me somewhat too bold for an absent Lover, I dare tell you in my turn, that I think you somewhat to bold for an absent Mistress; For, if my presence has not been fatal to your Repose, are not you afraid, least this plain acknowledgement will restore me all mine, seeing absence, according to your Philosophy, doth frequently kill the best formed affections? According to your Maxims, if I am to fear a Rival in your Heart, have not you also some reason to fear a Rivalless in mine? By your Coldness, it would be sufficiently warranted, to meditate Treachery and unfaithfulness; For, upon the whole compute, do you think, that the Pleasures and Charms of *Paris* cannot blot out my mind the horrors and cruelties of *Paris*? believe me, *Paris* is a taking City.

There

*There a thousand deadly crafty  
 Baits are laid to ensnare our safety :  
 A thousand Foes ! There's Youth, there's  
 Beauty,  
 There's Dress, Fringe-petticoat, and shoe-tie.  
 There's Wit, and Nice Politeness too,  
 And that, or nothing sure must do.  
 'Tis true, we need not thither roam;  
 You, Iris, have all these at home,  
 Yet unoblig'd to Tying-room.  
 But yet, there's one thing; you have not,  
 Of gentle Passion nor a jot.*

*I fancy, the last ought to give  
 you more alarms, than all the rest,  
 And, if you may be uneasy upon  
 account of Wit and Merit, you can-  
 not remain so well satisfied, as to  
 point of Tenderness and Affection;  
 for that every Mistress, of your  
 fierceness and indifference, ought  
 to fear the kindness and tractable  
 manners of some more human Ri-  
 valless. I must confess to you  
 honestly, when I see you have so  
 little Passion, that I would choak  
 and hush mine, and I could wish*

to be in a Condition to tell you with as much ease and Tranquillity as you tell me, that I am still free, and that you may engage me; but that you are fully assured of your own power, and the weakness of my Heart, and you have little reason to fear the loss of it. What delight, now, shou'd I take in resettling you, if you were somewhat fearful of me? But, herein, you have but too much reason, to have an unshaken good opinion of your self, which is founded upon your own Merit. But, notwithstanding this, ever since my coming to *Paris*, I have done all that lay in my power, not to think of you so often, by making my Addresses to one of the finest Women in *France*, who doth certainly carry more good nature than you do, about her.

Yet, handsome though she be,  
Tho she has no Cruelty,

But

*But unrebuking takes th' Address,  
I should have more Love, not more Happi-  
ness.*

Than herewith, I cannot make  
a better ending: This is enough  
to you. *Adieu.* I expect your News,

---

From *TIMANDER.*

*The Six and Twentieth Letter.*

**I** Am come from *Versailles*, where  
I have been three days. At my  
return, I find no Letters from you :  
I stay'd till *Tuesday*, as you promis'd  
me. I am in a doubtful perplexity,  
whether you have receiv'd mine by  
the way of . . . . . Draw me out of  
this inquietude, if you please, and  
with the soonest you can. I write  
now to you in great hast, the Post-  
hour coming instantly on. If I  
were as well satisfi'd with you, as

I am with ..... I should be most happy. I am made much on here, by a thousand Courtesies, but I cannot wring one from you: However, I adore you, and think of nothing else: This is enough. An answer I beg of you: I believe the way of ..... most secure. I have yet no answer from *Madam* .... I cannot find much honour in her procedure, if she has open'd the Letter, I directed to her for you. She may write to me, when she pleases; but I will not send her the *Airs of Dambruis*, till she makes me an answer. I am horribly vex'd, that the Minutes are so urgent: But, do what I will, I must conclude with assuring you, that I am everlastingly yours. I desire an answer, as soon as you have receiv'd mine: For, I do not much matter, whether it be *Tuesday* or any other day, seeing you know my direction, which is very safe.

The

The young I R I S to  
T I M A N D E R.

*The Seven and Twentieth Letter.*

SEveral Lovers I have had; but never in my Life did I see such a sincere one as you. As 'tis apparent you lov'd me for having seen me, I might well doubt, that you would not Love, when you saw me no more, and my single Idea cou'd never stand firm and good against all those gay Persons, you view every day. Never did Lover, before, confide in her, that might cause his Torment, those pleasures he meets withal elsewhere in her absence. To tell you the righteous truth of things, you recall back again the integrity of the first Ages: And, if you have not the constancy of those not so much

antient as Antick times, at least you have their sincerity. This is, likewise, a Vertue; and you have pitch'd upon it to the other's prejudice. But, why did you not consult me? You should have chosen the first. Upon the word of a Christian, I am very much scandaliz'd at your way of proceeding: I think, I shou'd have lik'd much better a Vice, that was somewhat more Complaisant, than so disobliging a Vertue. I cannot tell, whether it's your Freedom or your Inconstancy, that displeases me the most: I tell my self, that 'tis the Confession, which offends me, but in truth, I will not peremptorily decide, whether it be the Word, or the Thing; You may draw, what Conclusions you will from this. But, to consider things more closely, this pretended Infidelity I do suspect to be a Lover's cheat and trick, that is more faithful, than he



he wou'd be thought to be: For, when we leave People in the lurch, we do not use to advertize them of it, we let our selves bend to our own declentions, and are not accustomed to frame such refined Syllogisms. I fancy, you had a mind to try, whether I wou'd be sensible of your loss: In this case, I forgive you with all my Heart. But, what do you design by making Jealousie precede Passion in my Heart? Why shou'd you go about to raise such a Sentiment there, when it is so sweet, to inspire it with those that are most delicate. Would you have me begin to have a sense of Love by all, that it hath most cruel and bloody-minded? No, instead of taming and rendring me meek and tractable with it, you put me into Arms and Battel-array against it. You manage your Interests with no great Policy, and Old Nick of Florence is no such well-willer to you: For,

In

*In a fine Mold Love only does appear,  
Concealing, what gives Jealousie or Fear:  
And, we should keep our Properties by Law,  
If we an Arbitrary sway fore-law.*

In effect, Jealousie [as I have heard say] has such motions, as are too sharp and Netlish: It rather provoketh and irritates, than softneth and asswages the Soul: So that instead of making me taste the pleasures and kindneses and (as I may say) the Clemency of Love, you will allow me presently nothing but its vexation and bitterness. This same Stratagem would never have bore me far; I should have immediately impeach'd the Enterprize. Love has much more pretty and acceptable ways, to insinuate himself into the Heart: For, what will that, which you have taken, get you, but these following Verses?

## I.

*Of a Sequester'd Shepherdess  
You fear to be a Lover;  
By change of whom for something, that bath  
less  
Severity, you would remove her.  
Oh! do not make a separation  
Of one Heart between Two;  
But the last Conqueror pursue:  
For it's more Natural, to maintain  
The Heavenly Blessings of a peaceful Reign,  
Than choose black War, Fire, Sword and  
Desolation.*

## II.

*This you may do by my consent;  
And I shall nought Gain-say:  
Only one Quest, What by your fear is meant,  
I've Catechis'd mine Heart to Day.  
Grateful alarms suit well a Passion,  
When tost by Sighs and Tears,  
Expos'd each Moment, to new Fears,  
But now, I can spy no pretence,  
Timander, for this pretty fearing Sense:  
'Tis stupifi'd in a dead Inclination.*

F I N I S.

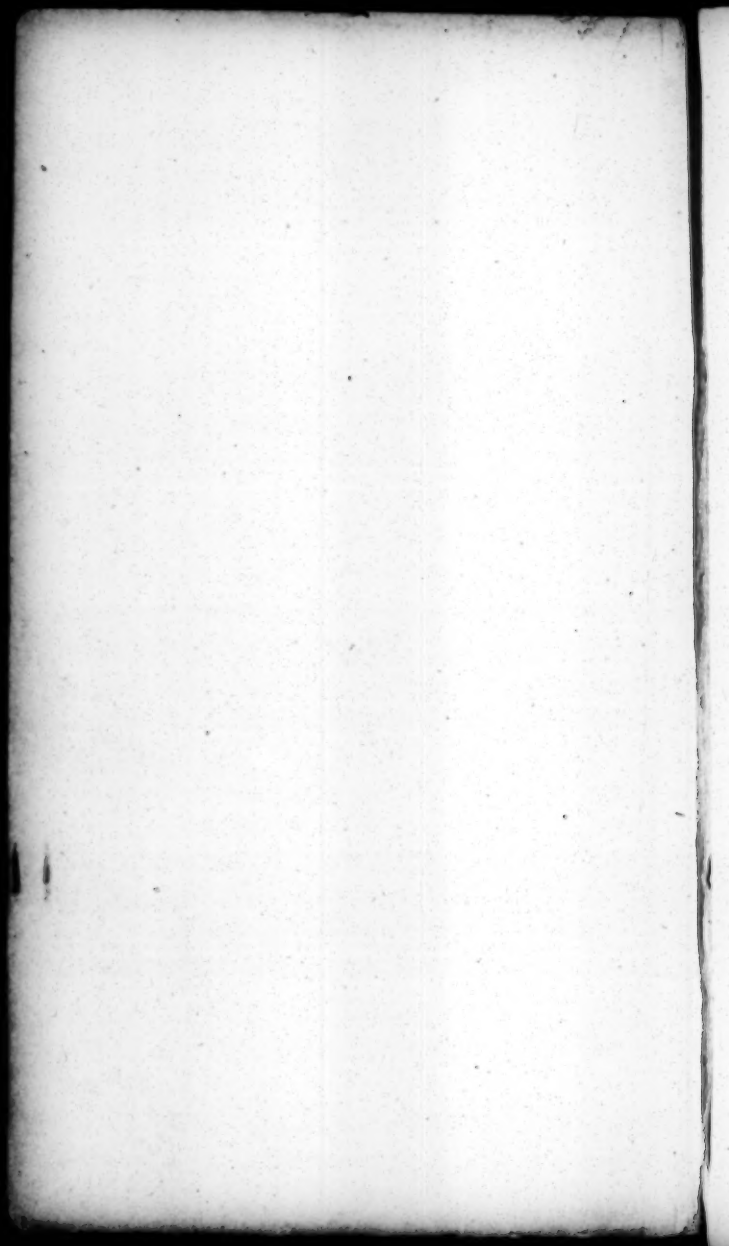
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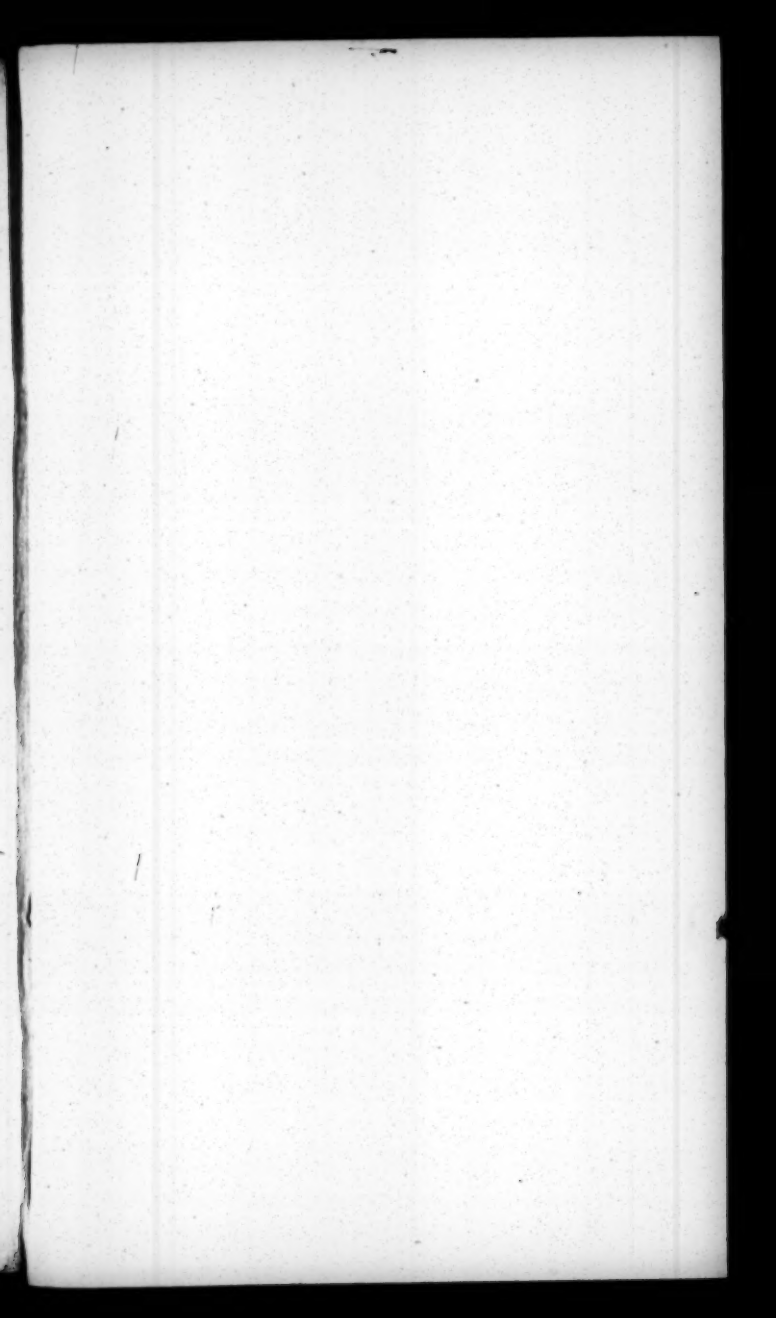
## ERRATA.

PAG. 5. Lin. 23. for member, read number. p. 13.  
l. 19 r. inaccessible. p. 21. l. 19. r. Bulky. p. 24.  
l. 9. for should r. would. p. 30. l. 17. for do r. does.  
p. 38 l. 5. for would r. should. p. 40. l. 19. r. snudg-  
ing. p. 42. l. 18. r. ridiculous. p. 45. l. 4. r. through.  
*ibid.* r. brought't. p. 62. l. 7. r. alafs p. 97. l. 11.  
for of r. at. p. 102. l. 9. for to r. two. p. 111. l. 12.  
r. repent. p. 118. l. 3. r. amusement. *ibid.* l. 18.  
for make r. take. p. 191. l. 5. for it, r. not. p. 130. l.  
7. r. *Gemina*. p. 135. l. 21. r. confers. p. 137.  
l. 1. r. insupportably. *The Reader is desir'd to*  
*mend or excuse the Faults in Pointing.*



96.







The manner of the  
Impeachment of the  
12 Bishops, accused of  
High Treason.

For preferring a Petition  
and making a Protestation to the  
subverting of the Fundamentall  
Lawes, and being of  
Parliaments.

Wherunto is added the said petition  
and Remonstrance of the saids  
Bishops.



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